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EDITORIAL

WEALTH IS HEALTH

There are ideas whose time has come. And there are ideas that should have been strangled at birth. An example of the latter was a bizarre theory advanced by the Office of Management and Budget recently. The O.M.B. contended that new health regulations for workers in the construction, agriculture and maritime industries establishing permissible exposure limits for toxic substances should be suspended because OSHA hadn't adequately considered the adverse effect on workers' health of businesses' costs of compliance.

The O.M.B.'s disingenuous medical theory was that the extra expense of implementing the regulations could force employers to cut wages or lay off employees. Never mind that this has not been the experience in industries where they are already in effect. The O.M.B. said that workers' health might suffer because "the positive effect of wealth on health has been established both theoretically and empirically. Richer workers on average buy more leisure time, more nutritious food, more preventive health care and smoke and drink less than poorer workers."

Some might accuse the O.M.B. of satire. Oh no, not that cold-eyed bunch of soulless accountants. More likely the analysis was a gambit in the ongoing White House drive to cadge additional campaign contributions from business by gutting or delaying health and safety regulations (see Christine Triano and Nancy Watzman, "Immoral, Illegal and Deadly," March 23). It's also a cynical attempt to evade a Supreme Court decision barring cost-benefit analysis of OSHA health rules. Finally, it's a sneak attack on *all* regulation, making cost to business the decisive criterion.

But the O.M.B. unintentionally made a good point: In this country lack of money is harmful to your health—which is why we need national health care, a higher minimum wage, stronger unions and more jobs.

CLINTON: 14 NEGATIVES
Christopher Hitchens

QUEBEC INC. UNPLUGGED
Paul Webster

WE'RE NO. 1!
Andrew L. Shapiro

'GOD'S AIR FORCE'
Frederick Clarkson

THE MARILYN QUAYLE CAPER
Joe Fodor

LISTENING TO THE BOSS
Gene Santoro

THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT'S QUIET REVIVAL

JOE CONASON

Let me say, to the liberal media and the professional politicians, that the reports of the premature death of the religious right have been greatly exaggerated. —*Ralph Reed Jr.*
executive director, the Christian Coalition

While the partisans of Bush and Buchanan battle it out in the primaries, another Republican Party faction, the Christian right, has been hovering just above the fray, waiting for its opportunity. Defying the political obituary of their movement written four years ago, America's right-wing evangelists have gathered around Pat Robertson and are quietly but effectively positioning themselves to control the future of conservatism.

Under the aegis of a new, highly solvent and dubiously tax-free national organization called the Christian Coalition, they're relentlessly registering churchgoers, canvassing "pro-family" voters, preparing campaign literature and organizing hard for conservatives in Republican primaries across the country. Striving to mobilize a bloc of 20 million "pro-family" voters next November, the coalition expects to affect every election, from the presidential race down to the statehouses, where the abortion issue looms.

After the eclipse of Swaggart, Bakker and Falwell, and Pat Robertson's own defeat for the Republican presidential nomination four years ago, the fundamentalist right seemed to have lost heaven's mandate. But in the summer of 1989, Robertson decided to resurrect the remnants of his campaign by forming the Christian Coalition, a grass-roots, issue-

(*Continued on Page 553*)

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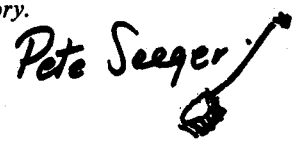
LETTERS.

FOR PETE'S SAKE

Beacon, N.Y.

Thomas Disch, and all of us, should beware words like "every" (also "totally," "completely," etc.) ["Letters," March 30]. In 1942 Charles Olson, through me, met Woody Guthrie and helped him get his first book published, *Bound for Glory.*



NO GIRLS ALLOWED

New Brunswick, N.J.

"Anonymity, we have long believed, is the proper condition of women," Carolyn Heilbrun observed in *Writing a Woman's Life*. I found that observation again poignant during my reading of James Reston's memoir, *Deadline*, and Elias Vlanton's review, "The View From Inside" [March 16].

Nan Robertson, only the third woman reporter to join Reston at the Washington bureau of *The New York Times*, recalls vividly and scathingly in *The Girls in the Balcony* the discrimination she and the other "girls" put up with under Reston, of which Reston has absolutely no recall in *Deadline*. None of the *Times*'s great women correspondents are mentioned in his 500-page memory trek! Not Shanahan, not Hunter, not Glueck, not even McCormick, etc., nor Quindlen either.

Robertson said she discovered shortly after arriving at the Washington outpost in 1963 (a few months after Eileen Shanahan and a year or so after Maggie Hunter) that Reston ran it like a men's club. Linda Greenhouse is mentioned by Reston once and then only because she followed the standard for Supreme Court coverage set by Anthony Lewis, a man. Helen Reid, Ogden's wife, is cited, as are Janet Murrow, Delia Kuhn and Bunny Caniff, as the wives of Edward R., Ferdie and Milton. Reston writes that the *Times*, "like most other big institutions, occasionally pays more attention to who's doing the job than to what job it's trying to do." Therein lies an obverse moral, which perhaps explains the memory lapse of, in Nan Robertson's words, "one of the most idolized reporters of his time."

Richard F. Hixson

VLANTON REPLIES

Takoma Park, Md.

To Hixson's sad list should be added Mary McGrory. Reston refused to hire the *Washington Star* reporter unless she would also work part time on the *Times* bureau switchboard. McGrory declined—to the good fortune of American journalism. Reston's sexism is one more indication, if any were needed, that far from observing events from a Land of Objectivity, journalists are firmly rooted in their times.

Elias Vlanton

FIRST KILL ALL THE EXECS

New London, Conn.

In "Notes Up North" [Feb. 10] Andrew Kopkind and Alexander Cockburn write, "Without acknowledging a job loss as well as a gain, the mathematics of the peace dividend will never make sense." I most heartily agree. I have a solution to the problem: Stop building weapons but continue paying the workers full wages and fringe benefits. When they retire, pay them their pensions.

The response will be, We can't pay workers for doing nothing. But why is that worse than paying them to build something we don't need? We pour billions into weapons we never use. I'd rather my taxes went to pay workers for doing nothing than for building something unneeded and dangerous. We will save huge amounts of money on supplies and other resources and on all the equipment, space, heating, lighting and other overhead.

How will being paid to do nothing affect workers? They can become involved in thinking up ways to use their skills to make things we do need. For example, they could make submarines to do marine research and farming or to help clean up the oceans. I have more faith in the workers' ability to think of ways to use their skills productively than in the executives and politicians.

Speaking of executives, we can eliminate them and realize tremendous savings. We don't need executives to oversee people doing nothing. Get rid of the lot. The existence of executives, by the way, refutes the argument that you can't pay someone for doing nothing.

Neild B. Oldham

'COMMON SCOLD'

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Your harping criticism of Governor Clinton's candidacy and of his letter to his draft board during the Vietnam War reveals a blind side and perversity that I never used to encounter in the *Nation* of Carey McWilliams. Anyone who reads the Clinton letter explaining his opposition to the Vietnam War cannot help but be moved by the sincerity of the struggle of that young man. To imply that his morality reduces to simple expediency—because he wanted at some future time to go into politics—overlooks the true passion of his effort. Bill Clinton has never backed away from his opposition to the Vietnam War. Explaining his letter, he made the point that the war was a terrible mistake and that he still felt his judgment had been correct. A lesser man would not have done that in the middle of an election campaign. And what does *The Nation* really want from Clinton—moral perfection? He is strong on civil rights, on the need for an industrial policy, on targeting tax credits and rebuilding America, on the need for conservation and on the need for a new public health and social services policy. Above all, he knows how to build a coalition and how to work with people. You might better spend your efforts giving support to an electable candidate like Clinton than taking the kind of potshots that are little more than bombast and bravado, and that reduce your once fine journal to a common scold.

Ira J. Winn

FROM WALLACE TO NADER

New York City

In 1948 I cast my first ballot in a presidential election. I voted for Harry Truman, having allowed my father to convince me that a vote for Henry Wallace was a vote for Tom Dewey. I have regretted that vote ever since. I had not learned that a vote is a message, not merely a move in a game. Since revolutionary change appears out of the question, the only useful message is a vote for Ralph Nader.

Robert C. Sommer

YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME, NOTA

Brooklyn, N.Y.

You've got my vote! NOTA, you speak to me ["The People's Choice," March 16]. Let me tell you why. I'm a playwright and screenwriter. I do fantasy for a living. I also teach—for Lincoln Center Theatre Institute. Which means I travel to dozens of schools in the tristate area as a "visiting artist." So one day I'm up at 5 A.M. Have quite a distance to travel. Ten miles. Five out of the six bridges I can use are down to one lane. Apparently they are about to collapse and need some tightening. I throw a dart at a map and choose one. It takes only an hour to traverse. Not bad. One driver loses his cool, though, and turns back. He never makes it. A hole the size of a Buick stops him.

Two hours later I am at school. I ask the principal why a boy in my class is so out of control. She tells me his single mom took off with a new boyfriend and left him with an aunt. His aunt had made a bad drug deal. Her business associate shows up at the door, loses his temper and takes her head off with a machete. The boy is watching *Sesame Street* when he looks up to find his aunt decapitated. The principal tells me I should read Jonathan Kozol's book *Savage Inequalities*.

I return home and check my mail. It's from the F.D.I.C. A bank in which I had a certificate of deposit went bankrupt. Go figure. All right, so maybe it was a bad day. But I am not pulling your chain. This really happened to me. In a day. I thought I could use it in a movie I've been working on but decided not to. The studio would find it much too unrealistic. But I know NOTA will believe me. Where do I send my check?

James Ryan

CORRECTION

In Alexander Cockburn's April 6 "Beat the Devil," the vice president of POM Inc. was inadvertently misidentified. His name is Gene Eagle.

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CONTENTS.

Volume 254, Number 16

LETTERS
542

EDITORIALS
541 Wealth Is Health
543 New York Prime
544 Fujimori's Coup — *Peter Andreas*
545 Balkan Brew — *Anthony Borden*

COLUMNS
545 The Voters' Mood After Three Months of Intense Exposure to the Democratic Process — *Calvin Trillin*
546 Minority Report — *Christopher Hitchens*
547 Watching Rights — *Aryeh Neier*
560 Reading Around — *Elizabeth Pochoda*

Illustrations by Maris Bishofs

ARTICLES
541 Pat Robertson's Coalition: The Religious Right's Quiet Revival — *Joe Conason*
548 Power Play: Quebec Inc. Unplugged — *Paul Webster*
552 Look at the Record: We're Number One! (Really?) — *Andrew L. Shapiro*
558 "God's Air Force" — *Frederick Clarkson*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
561 Quayle and Northcott: Embrace the Serpent — *Joe Fodor*
563 Hulbert: The Interior Castle: The Art and Life of Jean Stafford — *Richard Howard*
564 In From the Margins — *Mary Panzer*
566 Music — *Gene Santoro*
568 Films — *Stuart Klawans*
571 The Prayer Plant (poem) — *Margaret Holley*

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EDITORIALS.

New York Prime

What was that all about? The New York Democratic primary seemed more meteorological than political, a tabloid typhoon rather than an electoral event. It was here (in a red-eye Sunday morning local TV interview) that the campaign's most memorable line was generated: "But I didn't inhale." It was during the primary run-up that *Playboy* came out with a centerfold of a Miss Arkansas long rumored to be in Bill Clinton's Rolodex, and *Vanity Fair* blazoned Hillary Clinton's innuendo about George Bush's mistress. There was more stuff about Clinton's Selective Service negotiations (*a k a* draft dodging) in 1968, and about Jerry Brown's corporate representations (influence peddling) during his "lost years" in the 1980s.

Are you still there? In the Bronx, Larry Agran was arrested for interrupting the "Hispanic" debate about urban problems between Clinton and Brown. At the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center in Greenwich Village, the editor of the community's leading weekly magazine giggled up to Brown with one question: "Are you gay?" (A funnier Brown could

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have quipped back à la Dan Rather's "No, Mr. President, are you?")[1] In Brooklyn, an Orthodox Jewish City Council member shouted hatefully at Brown, "Welcome to Hymietown!"; in the same borough, Clinton promised a delighted dinner crowd that—at the suggestion of local hero and champion House check kiter Stephen Solarz—he'd install a *glatt* kosher kitchen by the White House. And it was also in New York that Jerry Brown's brief bubble burst, and Bill Clinton learned that he has a lot more to worry about before this year is out.

Say what you will about Jerry Brown as a candidate, his campaign in the last four weeks accreted many of the disparate elements of progressive politics, "alternative" culture and insurgent activism that had been floating as free radicals in the airy neoliberalism espoused by Clinton and Paul Tsongas. In New York the elements were very loosely collected into a coalition led by three activist labor leaders who have been on the outs with the Democratic politburo for years: Dennis Rivera of the Health and Hospital Workers, Jan Pierce of the Communications Workers and Barry Feinstein of the Teamsters. The black "piece" of the package was supposed to have been supplied by Jesse Jackson, whom Brown had been touting as his vice presidential pick ever since New Hampshire.

From the beginning, there were glaring, probably lethal contradictions in the strategy. The Jackson gambit looked possible on paper but bombed on the boards. Jackson correctly calculated that Brown had little to offer and sat on his hands; Clinton apparently won the black vote. At the same time, even a whisper of friendship for Jackson enraged the Jews, who rewarded Brown with only 9 percent of their total vote (the rest went to Clinton and Tsongas).

Brown's organization may have been charmingly naïve and amateurish, but it was a disaster in every way that counts to create momentum and to get people to the polls. He must have known that he'd get a drubbing from the media and the Democratic establishment, the mood police who dominate the liberal environment of the city and the suburbs and can validate—or void—any candidate. In the last week he pandered to them as much as he could. He all but abandoned his flat-tax proposal rather than modify or even explain it. He vied with Clinton in his allegiance to the Likud Party policies on siting the Israeli capital, on the $10 billion loan guarantees and on West Bank settlement. But Brown's tabloid war with Clinton was withering, and the longer he stayed in an attack/defense mode his negatives mounted and his hopes slipped away.

Clinton created an illusion of fighting fiercely, and he lost his voice, but in fact he said nothing of substance and idled to his unimpressive victory on Brown's negatives, missteps and omissions. With the New York and Wisconsin results in hand, Clinton anointed himself once again as the party's presumptive nominee (remember "the Comeback Kid"?). But if Tsongas represented "none of the above" and Brown "anybody but Clinton," Clinton himself is still little more than "not George Bush." A candidate who can barely muster 40 percent of the vote and gets teeny turnouts this late in the season against a phantom and a fluke should look to his muttons.

1. Cf. Woman meets Groucho Marx in the lobby of the old Roney Plaza in Miami Beach. "Are you Groucho Marx?" Marx answers, "No, are you?"

Fujimori's Coup

The thin veneer of Peruvian democracy that Bush Administration officials have desperately been polishing has finally rubbed off. Although the United States has insisted that military aid to Peru will bolster democracy and fight drugs, it has now become embarrassingly transparent that Peruvian President Alberto Fujimori and his military backers—not drugs—are the greater menace to democracy in Peru.

When Peru's Parliament balked at Fujimori's sweeping economic and security decrees, the President finally lost patience with the political process. Overnight, Fujimori dissolved the legislature, disbanded the judiciary and suspended the Constitution—a de facto coup d'état backed by the military. When Peru's elected congressional representatives showed up for work the morning of April 6, they were met by soldiers and tanks, which had sealed off the building. The media were effectively silenced, as troops occupied newspaper offices and radio stations.

Only a few weeks earlier, Bernard Aronson, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, applauded Peru's President in testimony on Capitol Hill, saying, "Fujimori has proven one of the boldest, most far-reaching reformers in today's generation of Latin American leaders." A presidential coup is indeed bold, but perhaps not what Aronson had in mind.

Ever since Fujimori took office in July 1990, the Bush Administration had built up the Peruvian President as a champion of democracy and human rights in order to justify large doses of U.S. security assistance for its drug war—even as Fujimori presided over twenty of the bloodiest months in Peru's history and increasingly gave up power to the armed forces. Lacking an organized political party and confronted by a legislature skeptical of his administration, Fujimori quickly turned to what became his most important base of support: the military. He appointed an army general as Minister of the Interior and last December declared the "two pillars" of his administration to be "the armed forces and the people." By the end of 1991 half the country's population was living under a military state of emergency. Most alarming, Fujimori promulgated unprecedented security decrees giving the military wide-ranging controls over civilian life. When legislators annulled and amended many of the decrees, Fujimori kicked the politicians out.

And so the long romance between Fujimori and the military has become formalized in marriage. The alliance is an eerie reminder of Uruguay's President Juan Bordaberry, who embarked on a similar path in 1973, only to end up as the civilian puppet of his generals. Of course, Peru's Shining Path guerrillas have long expected the coup, which they hope will intensify the political polarization that has brutally torn Peruvian society for twelve years. More than 23,000 Peruvians have died in the bloody war between the Shining Path and the government since 1980, and with the military now the de facto government, 1992 promises to be the most violent year yet. Even minimal democratic procedures have become

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too much of a nuisance for Fujimori and his generals in coping with the expanding insurgency. As the President frankly stated, articles of the Constitution are "incompatible" with the government's objectives. Fujimori has already promised "drastic" action against the guerrillas.

Fujimori's power grab has not only left the state politically bankrupt and internationally isolated but, ironically, has actually helped legitimize the Shining Path's call for armed insurrection: A provision in Peru's Constitution says, "The people have the right to rebel in defense of constitutional order" when the Constitution has been violated by government officials. The Shining Path will surely present Fujimori's suspension of the Constitution as an open invitation to do just that.

PETER ANDREAS

Peter Andreas is a research associate at the Institute for Policy Studies.

Balkan Brew

One month after Bosnia and Herzegovina voted for independence, there was gunfire and flames throughout the country, and the new nation's political and administrative institutions were disintegrating. Last week's formal recognition of the former Yugoslav republic by the European Community, as well as by the United States (which recognized Serbia and Croatia also), fueled tensions between Eastern Orthodox Serbs, who oppose independence, and the majority, made up of Muslims and Catholic Croats. Bosnia may be a new state but no political entity or territorial borders can realistically be declared sovereign.

In Sarajevo, there was a blur of multicolored berets worn by local paramilitary forces positioning themselves for street battles. The one shade not in evidence was the bright blue of the United Nations. The peacekeeping force sent to monitor the cease-fire in Croatia is headquartered in the Bosnian capital, but with a restricted mandate and limited forces, it has been powerless to avert further violence. Some observers estimate that the planned 14,000-strong U.N. deployment may have to be increased to 40,000 to quell the countrywide fighting.

On April 5, the day before independence, 400 Sarajevans gathered outside the Parliament building in a spontaneous civil demonstration for peace. Rejecting ethnic definitions, they called themselves Bosnians. By evening, some 13,000 citizens had occupied the square and the Parliament building itself. By the next day, according to estimates by local journalists, more than 200,000 people from all over the republic had joined the protest. The assembly organized itself into a Government of National Salvation, called for international intervention and appealed to the army to act as a people's rather than a Serbian force. A citizens' guard was formed. On April 6 unarmed miners still wearing their helmets stormed the Holiday Inn to dislodge Serbian snipers who had killed several demonstrators. Expecting attacks at any moment, the people's government continued to deliberate, although the protective crowd had dispersed. Neighborhood committees have established citizens' patrols to defend their homes against both Serb and Muslim militias.

Although tensions resulting from the election of extremist nationalists in Serbia and Croatia were clearly rising throughout 1990, the European Community did not make its first serious intervention until last May, after fighting had already broken out in Croatia. Then, instead of adopting an exploratory approach in discussions among all the republican and federal leaders, it struck a hard line, calling for Yugoslav unity. By September, as the fighting raged and repeated cease-fires collapsed, the E.C. proposed a formula for recognizing the independence of republics opting for it. But Germany's heavy-handed support for recognition of Croatia gutted the E.C.'s mediating role. Then by recognizing Croatia and Slovenia on January 15, the E.C. ignored its own Badinter commission's report advising against recognizing Zagreb because of human-rights violations. This grievously damaged the E.C.'s credibility. It had bowed to dubious politics—given the historical connection between the fascist wartime regimes of Germany and Croatia—rather than assuming a true mediating role.

The missteps have continued. The January 15 recognitions forced Bosnia to take up the question of independence well before it had resolved relations among its ethnic groups. As independence day approached, the E.C. and the United States withheld comment on their likely response, encouraging Serbian paramilitary attacks intended to destabilize the country. Meanwhile, the E.C.'s ongoing conference on Yugoslavia gave its blessing to a cantonization plan, which would divide Bosnia into ethnically determined administrative zones. The plan is essentially a milder version of rumored schemes by Belgrade and Zagreb to carve up the new republic, leaving a "little Bosnia" for the Muslims. It is also impossible to implement.

(*Continued on Page 559*)

★

The Voters' Mood After Three Months Of Intense Exposure To The Democratic Process

Some hero, star or business whiz—
It doesn't matter who he is.
Just bring us someone we don't know.
We'd even try this Ross Perot.
You know a woman? Fine. Just get her.
The less we know of her the better.
We needn't hear their every sin—
The lies they've told, the times they've been
Upended on their own petards.
Just flip a coin, or cut the cards.

Calvin Trillin

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

We had intended you to be
The next Prime Minister but three:
The stocks were sold; the Press was squared;
The Middle Class was quite prepared.
But as it is! . . . My language fails!
—*Hilaire Belloc,* Lord Lundy

Following are the reasons that Bill (Spoiler) Clinton should not be the nominee of the Democratic Party this year or any other:

§ Whenever he is asked an awkward question, he resorts automatically to the "plausible deniability" routine that was invented for Watergate and perfected during the Iran/*contra* investigation. Why didn't Clinton mention that he had, after all, received a draft summons in the mail? Nobody had asked him the right question. Same with the country club and the marijuana. Someone who has already mastered the debased craft of Washington *suppressio veri*, having supervised nothing grander than the chicken-shit czars of rural Arkansas, is obviously too hungry for the presidency, and hungry in the wrong way.

§ Beware a wet-lipped man with a thin-lipped wife.

§ Clinton is a practitioner of racial condescension. He told a black audience, when asked about his support for capital punishment, that he is executing the killers of black people. He knows as well as the next Southern white governor (and better than most) that white killers of blacks are executed far less often than the black killers of whites—almost in a different statistical universe. He also knows that this helps to explain the raw popularity of the death penalty. To pretend otherwise is to insult black voters twice.

§ When asked at a recent press breakfast whether he thought the Democratic nominee would be anyone else but Clinton, Reagan/Bush strategist Ed Rollins replied laconically, "Hope not." Those were revealing words. The line of the day in the Bush White House is "Lay off Clinton." Why does the Republican leadership seem content with a Clinton candidacy? Why do you think?

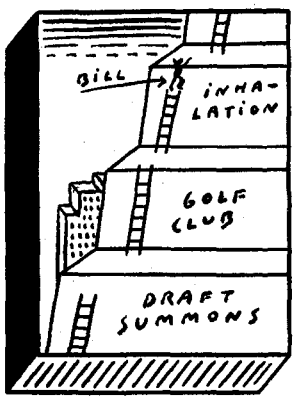
§ Bill Clinton had sex over several years with a woman not his wife and gave her a publicly funded job. He then disowned her for the purposes of a "family values" campaign and fired her from the job when she went public. Just because the newspapers won't print the transcript of the Clinton-Flowers tapes doesn't mean that the transcript doesn't exist. Guess who is holding it in reserve?

§ Bill Clinton registers the monochrome nature of his favorite golf club only when it is pointed out to him, and defends its "integrated services" (nice phrase for the monochrome nature of the help and heavy lifters) even then. The point about the golf club, though, is not just its crass racial uniformity. The club is the place where the handshakes and shoulder-squeezes and unwritten agreements are such a feature. Clinton, with nothing to sell but the labor and resources of his state, and within that state nothing to sell but his office, couldn't have stayed away from the clubhouse if it displayed a prominent sign announcing itself *Judenrein*.

§ Clinton is the anointed candidate of AIPAC and was in favor of the Gulf War.

§ Bill Clinton and his wife have direct business experience of precisely two kinds. The first is called Savings and Loan, and the other is called the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. S&L *and* B.C.C.I.? As we used to say: One or the other but please not both.

§ Hillary Clinton is a lawyer in the best and finest and deepest and truest and most authentic sense of that lovely term. She is also a moral coward, accusing George Bush at one moment of committing adultery with his own "Jennifer" [Fitzgerald] and then claiming falsely to have been "garbled" by the woman who reported her unambiguous charge. Since the Clintons have claimed to be a political team—and since they most certainly are and have been a business, lobbying and favor-distributing team—her words and actions are not private. Incidentally, why have none of the "electability" fetishists realized that if there is going to be any kind of First Lady issue at all, it can translate only into a landslide for Barbara Bush?



§ As Governor of Arkansas, Clinton readily agreed to Ronald Reagan's request that he send the state's National Guard down to Honduras to provide cover and backup to the prosecution of an illegal and undeclared war. Not even Governor Dukakis was willing to do that.

§ Clinton is self-pitying when answering criticisms—as if it's an outrageous imposition to question a bought, paid-for, designated front-runner—and boastful when the scandals die down. Again, one or the other but not both. You can't be the whining victim *and* "the Comeback Kid." Also, you can't be the beneficiary of an adoring press corps *and* the press-bashing populist ranter.

§ The permitted liberal caveat about Clinton is that he is "all things to all people." Wrong. There are some people—such as labor unions in his sweetheart state, or teenagers who don't fancy the parental notification law, or men on death row, or Iraqi civilians, or environmental campaigners—to whom he seems completely deaf. And this, mark you, while he's only a candidate. None of his media fans have yet been bold enough to argue that the White House will have a civilizing and humanizing effect on their man, but the only noticeable ways he's "grown in office" so far are all mentioned above.

§ Bill Clinton was worried about his political "viability" while he was still a student.

§ Bill Clinton is the beloved of those in the Democratic Congressional leadership and party machine who have repeatedly shown that they would consciously rather lose an election than surrender control of the party. This, in stark truth, is what the "electability" formulation comes down to.

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WATCHING RIGHTS.

ARYEH NEIER

Recently several groups have called on the United Nations to add abuses against women to the agenda of its 1993 World Conference on Human Rights. Like too many international human rights organizations, the U.N. Commission on Human Rights, which is sponsoring the conference, has not seen women's rights as part of its longstanding mission. That is left to another U.N. agency, the Committee on the Elimination of Discrimination Against Women, which is geographically separate and lacks the status, machinery and prominence of the U.N.C.H.R.

The call to attention is suggestive of a shift that has been taking place within the international human rights community over the past year or two. Although the leading organizations concerned with human rights were created to combat specifically political oppression, they have long considered systematic discrimination on grounds of race or religion as a form of political persecution. Not so with gender discrimination or violence against women.

In January, however, Amnesty International issued a report titled "Rape and Sexual Abuse: Torture and Ill-Treatment of Women in Detention." Recounting cases from many countries—India, Peru, the Philippines, Uganda, Guatemala, Greece, Northern Ireland, the Israeli-occupied territories, Turkey, Bangladesh, Senegal, Syria and Mexico—Amnesty demonstrates that governments widely tolerate sexual assault and humiliation by police and soldiers as a way of dealing with suspected dissidents. While the pattern of violence that emerges will not surprise those familiar with investigations of human rights abuses, it is important to highlight the ways that women are particularly victimized.

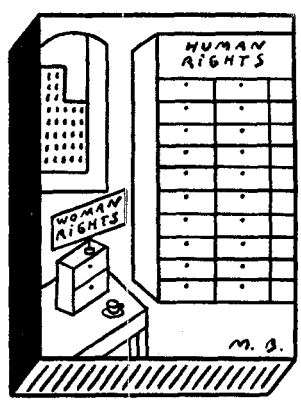
Amnesty's report reflects the organization's mandate, which dedicates it mainly to the defense of those in detention. Human Rights Watch, which defines its role more broadly, has established a Women's Rights Project, which has as one of its primary concerns the failure of governments to prosecute and punish violence against women in the home. In a report last October, the project focused on assaults against women in Brazil, where even the murder of a wife or lover regularly goes unpunished when the killer defends himself on grounds that the victim insulted his honor. Brazil's highest court issued a landmark decision in March 1991 overturning the acquittal of a man who had stabbed his wife and her lover to death. The high court rejected the defense of honor, pointing out that it "is not honor but self-esteem, vanity and the pride of the lord who sees his wife as property." Nevertheless, when the man was retried in August, the lower court again acquitted him of the double homicide on grounds of honor. Such disregard of a high court ruling is emblematic of the obstacles that must be overcome to provide women in Brazil with equal protection of the law.

State-sponsored and state-tolerated violence against women, though pervasive, is far from the only issue that warrants the attention of groups concerned with human rights internationally. Freedom of association for women's rights activists is an issue in a number of countries. Last June the government of Egypt ordered the Cairo-based Arab Women's Solidarity Association to dissolve. AWSA, which was founded in 1982 by Dr. Nawal El-Saadawi, a physician, novelist and leading feminist, had been in the forefront of efforts in the Arab world to promote equality between the sexes. The organization was ordered to turn over its assets to a little-known group, Women of Islam, that does not deal with women's rights and is headed by a government official.

In justifying dissolution of AWSA, the Egyptian Ministry of Social Affairs cited the organization's public stands and asserted that its "unquestionably flagrant" crimes "include violation of public order by dissemination of ideas running counter to the position of the State." At this writing, the matter is before the Egyptian courts, where AWSA is represented by fifteen volunteer lawyers.

A similar case arose recently in Poland, where a women's group applied for legal registration in the town of Bydgoszcz. Last November the local government bridled at recognizing the group as a legal entity because its bylaws would allow it to take a stand "against the limits on women's rights to make decisions in the field of motherhood." A judge upheld the objection to registration on the grounds that Polish law protects the unborn; accordingly, she argued, support for women's right of choice is illegal. In fact, abortion remains legal in Poland, though probably not for long.

Although the forms of discrimination against women practiced in post-Communist Europe and in Islamic countries are also evident in much of the rest of the world, the situation of women is getting worse in those regions. In Islamic countries, the deterioration reflects the pressure of religious fundamentalism, as when the government of Lieut. Gen. Omar Hassan Ahmed al-Bashir took power in Sudan in June 1989 and quickly initiated a purge of women from public service, restricted their access to higher education and curtailed their freedom to travel. In the countries of Eastern and Central Europe matters are more complicated, but some of the consequences could be similar.



As a Women's Rights Project report on Poland points out, sexual equality was part of the official ideology under Communism, though in practice things were quite different. Even so, the report asserts, in the post-Communist era "women's rights are often perceived as politically suspect and are frequently rejected along with the rest of the communist past."

The regression on women's rights only underscores the urgency of ending their segregation from the mainstream of human rights advocacy. An important first step would be to include women's rights on the agenda of the 1993 U.N. World Conference on Human Rights.

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ARTICLES.

POWER PLAY

Quebec Inc. Unplugged

PAUL WEBSTER

In the long contest over the fate of Quebec's James Bay Project, Governor Mario Cuomo's abrupt decision to cancel New York's $12.5 billion contract with the utility Hydro-Quebec had a kind of rough justice. It was more than twenty years ago that the Cree natives awoke to the sound of bulldozers slashing through their ancestral hunting grounds to begin Phase I of a hydroelectric project, the largest in the world, that envisions the unmaking of an ecosystem nearly the size of France. With Cuomo's announcement on March 27, Quebec's political and industrial elite were similarly jostled from their dreams—dreams, nearly three decades in the making, of an independent Quebec fueled by corporatist development, transnational investment and risky construction schemes.

For the people of Quebec the decision, which has stricken the project, perhaps fatally, opened another window onto their leadership's perverse notion of self-sufficiency. Phase I of the project had cost $11 billion and in some years during its construction had consumed 25 percent of capital invested in Quebec; the prospective Phase II has been budgeted at $52.5 billion. Both have been pursued at an enormous cost more familiar to the Third World: environmental destruction, a huge foreign and domestic debt, enforced dependence on export earnings to finance that debt, extortionate subsidies to foreign investors and enthrallment of the local population to an expensive form of energy.

Now, in addition to assisting the cause of the Cree and environmentalists, New York's action has provided the people of Quebec with a crucial breathing space in which to reconsider their fate as underwriters of elite dreams. They have a chance to confront the predicament of their economy: the legacy of a political single-mindedness, embodied in an alliance of transnational and Québécois interests, that has made hydropower king in Quebec.

It is worth reviewing that alliance, conceived in the 1960s, when the Quebec government nationalized electrical power as a step in its drive for economic, and perhaps ultimately political, independence. Hydro-Quebec, a public utility, became the catalyst for an economy that by 1991 saw 70 percent of corporate revenues generated by government-owned ventures.

More than any other state or provincial government in North America, the Quebec government plays an activist role in the economy, with interests in steel, oil, pulp and paper, chemicals, mining and shipbuilding. As the principal instrument of centralized economic planning in a province where unemployment has averaged 10 percent over the past fifteen years, Hydro-Quebec directly accounts for 5 percent of Quebec's gross domestic product, with about 22,000 people on its payroll. It claims to have attracted $6 billion worth of investment into the province since 1980, creating 3,500 jobs in mills that dot the St. Lawrence and other rivers. The utility's importance to the government's development policy is most symbolically expressed at its Montreal headquarters, where Quebec Prime Minister Robert Bourassa keeps his office.

Hydro-Quebec initiated Phase I of the James Bay Project in 1970, but it was not until the mid-1980s that the particular confluence of forces that undergird the project—state, corporate and international—began to emerge with any clarity. At that time the utility signed a series of confidential agreements to sell power to thirteen transnational metal refining and smelting corporations, including Reynolds Metal, SKW Canada and Norsk Hydro. It is widely speculated that the utility guaranteed each of those companies heavily subsidized rates, but only one agreement has yet been made public. Laval University economist Jean-Thomas Bernard estimates these contracts cost Hydro-Quebec $300 million a year in lost income.

The utility willingly accepted such losses because the contracts allowed it to project sufficient future power demand to justify its pursuit of Phase II. With its corporate customers secured, Hydro-Quebec then began negotiating long-term contracts with utilities and power authorities in Maine, Vermont and New York. The last of those, with the New York Power Authority (NYPA), was the deal Cuomo just scrapped. It was Hydro-Quebec's expectation that once the U.S. contracts were signed, the demand for Quebec electricity would be so great that Phase II would be unstoppable.

One of the key tactics Hydro-Quebec has used to propel its James Bay ambitions has been secrecy. As a government agency, it is not required to reveal its finances, as are most companies that raise money on public markets. It embarked upon Phase I with no prior public consultation or environmental assessment. The Cree were given no warning that their lands were to be flooded; in fact, they first heard about the project on the radio. It is telling that there is no public access to the James Bay hinterland. There are no public roads.

In January of 1991 this wall of secrecy was briefly breached when Hydro-Quebec's contract with Norsk Hydro, a Norwegian transnational that operates a magnesium refinery on the St. Lawrence River, was leaked to a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation reporter. Hydro-Quebec immediately won a court injunction barring publication of the contract's particulars, touching off a battle over freedom of information across Canada. For the Bourassa government, censorship here was in "the public interest." The contract, however, had also been distributed internationally, and in the United States the Sierra Club and the Solidarity Foundation disclosed that power that cost Hydro-Quebec 2.4 cents per kilowatt-hour to produce was being sold to Norsk Hydro for 1.5 cents—in effect, forcing Quebec ratepayers, who were then being charged 4.2 cents per kilowatt-hour, to subsidize the company. (There was an added insult, because for years Norsk Hydro had been criti-

Paul Webster is a Nation *intern from Canada.*

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cized as a major toxic polluter of the St. Lawrence.)

The Norsk Hydro contract demonstrates that the pattern of transnational investment in Quebec—one of the utility's most heralded achievements—has followed contours of economic colonialism associated with economies far less advanced than Quebec's. Aluminum, magnesium and titanium are mined and smelted in Quebec at roughly one-fifth the cost of U.S. production and are then shipped elsewhere for milling, where the raw material acquires most of its value. In an ironic turn, Canada is the only major exporter of aluminum that is also a net importer of finished aluminum products. The Cree have long seen hydroelectric development as an instrument of colonial rapacity; now many Québécois appreciate their analysis of its link to internal colonialism and external dependency.

Revelation of the Norsk Hydro contract caused another problem for the utility's megaproject strategy when David Cammorota, an official at the U.S. Commerce Department, suggested late last April that Quebec's subsidized hydroelectric power might violate the U.S.-Canada Free Trade Agreement. The Commerce Department's Office of Countervailing Investigations is currently reviewing the implications of the Norsk Hydro contract, and last December "strongly recommended" that all of Hydro-Quebec's industrial contracts "be submitted on the record during this investigation."

Even before this, less politically driven concerns about Quebec's hydroelectric regime had been crystallizing in the United States. In addition to their piqued awareness of the arguments of the Cree and the U.S.-based environmental coalitions opposing James Bay [see Steve Turner and Todd Nachowitz, "The Damming of Native Lands," October 21, 1991], New England consumers especially were anxious about getting snared in deals that would require them to purchase a significant amount of Hydro-Quebec's output over the next twenty years.

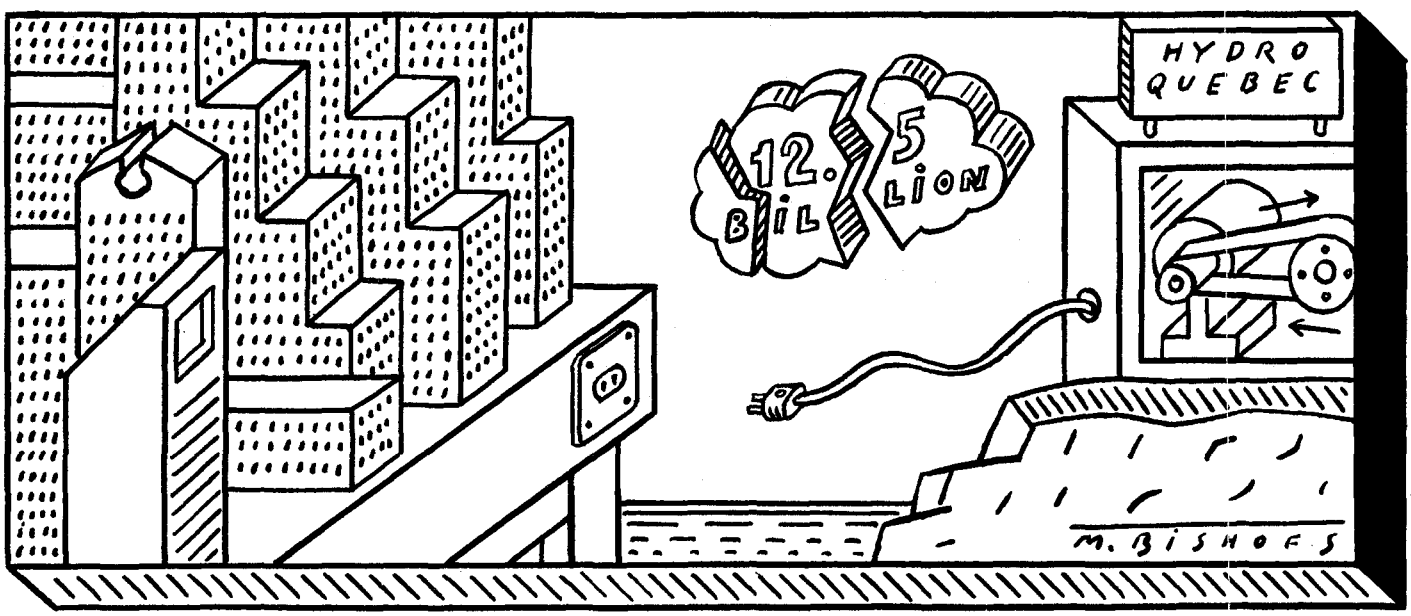
Numerous critics of Hydro-Quebec's negotiations with U.S. utilities and power authorities, ranging from "soft energy" expert Amory Lovins to Boston-based energy consultant Ian Goodman, pointed out that Americans were being asked to reject the potential for systematic energy conservation and cogeneration at a time when energy demands were not meeting the 3 percent growth forecasts on which the deals were based.

Then there was the matter of cost. The deal Hydro-Quebec and the Bourassa government wanted Cuomo to permit would have set the export price at over 8 cents per kilowatt-hour—far higher than the going rates in Quebec, though as Jeffrey Wollock of the Solidarity Foundation points out, low enough to have made the offer originally seem cheaper and simpler than conservation and the development of energy-saving technologies in New York. (Ultimately, the economic argument against the deal prevailed in New York.)

Just as the Northeastern U.S. public was growing leery of Hydro-Quebec, a great many international investors were nervously contemplating a Hydro-Quebec empire teetering on an enormous mound of foreign debt brokered on the New York money markets. According to Robert Blohm, an investment banker who has exposed the financial scaffolding of Hydro-Quebec in *The Wall Street Journal*, the utility currently carries more U.S. dollar debt than any corporation in the industrial world. On top of the $10 billion owed in U.S. dollars, the utility has borrowed at least another $13 billion in Canadian dollars. Hydro-Quebec's capitalization closely resembles the trajectory of Latin American borrowing, with the utility grabbing at cheap financing in the late 1960s and 1970s, then confronted in the eighties with an unanticipated rise in interest rates. The recent drop in U.S. interest rates has not alleviated Hydro-Quebec's debt load.

Hélène Conner-Lajambe, an economist with the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, describes the utility with its back against a classic Third World debt wall, with export earnings providing the only way out. Phase II's generating facilities, themselves predicated on a $52.5 billion borrowing binge, were intended to provide the requisite U.S. dollars. Now that one of its main contractors is out of the picture and, as Blohm suggests, the utility doesn't have the foreign currency flow it has claimed to have since 1986, Hydro-Quebec may have a hard time maintaining its precarious financing.

In Blohm's view, Hydro-Quebec has been able to borrow extravagantly "because they're not accountable to the public.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARIS BISHOFS

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Hydro is run by a statist-corporatist, politico-industrial elite determined to stay on top by going through with James Bay even if it wrecks the Quebec economy." Hydro-Quebec purposely muddles its financial reporting, he argues. "If Hydro were private-sector owned, it would be constrained by market forces and couldn't do megaprojects, period. Investors are increasingly alert to all of this, and they're poised to take action. The bond raters [e.g., Moody's and Standard & Poor's] take this very seriously."

Back in 1986 the Quebec government, determined to sustain international investor confidence, set up a Blue Ribbon Committee bringing Hydro-Quebec executives together with Wall Street investors. Among the latter are individuals linked to the U.S. energy establishment, such as John Dyson, former president of NYPA, and James Schlesinger, former Secretary of Energy, now a senior adviser at Shearson Lehman. Their job was to help insure that the deals got signed, and that investors didn't get any nasty surprises. Until the Cuomo decision, they kept things relatively on track. Wall Street showed faith by continuing to sell prodigious amounts of Hydro-Quebec securities, even after cracks began appearing in the facade.

The government of Quebec will eventually be faced with a money crunch of momentous proportions at Hydro-Quebec.

The first of these came when Maine backed out of a $15 billion contract in 1989. Next, community-based opposition forced the cancellation of several small contracts in Vermont. A few months later, in March 1991, the Canadian Bond Rating Service (C.B.R.S.), the country's most important bond rating organization, placed the province of Quebec and Hydro-Quebec on a credit watch. In January of this year C.B.R.S. notified its 500 clients in Canada, the United States, Europe and Japan that the utility could be badly hurt by the zero growth rate forecast for energy consumption in the U.S. Northeast. Against a backdrop of deindustrialization and continuing recession, NYPA has estimated that New York will have no increased energy need until after the year 2000. Even then it's unclear that such need would jump at the rate anticipated in the proposed New York–Hydro-Quebec contract, which would have expanded the state's dependence on James Bay power from its current 2 percent to as much as 12 percent.

Ihor Kots, the managing director of C.B.R.S., says, "When it comes down to a low-growth scenario there's not really an explanation of how Hydro will adapt. Signing further contracts will even further reduce their flexibility. The whole Great Whale Project [Phase II's first dam complex] could be deferred. There's a glut of power in the U.S. and Canada, which should give cogeneration and gas power projects like Long Island's new Iroquois project success as alternatives."

Still, Hydro-Quebec insists that Phase II will go forward, although at a slower pace. The project continues to undergo what is perhaps euphemistically known as environmental review. And Hydro-Quebec persists in its secrecy about its plans as well as its finances, with the help of the judiciary and the corporate and state mandarins in Quebec. Interestingly, since the cancellation of the NYPA contract, the Quebec government has displayed greater urgency on the political front—with a sudden spurt of concern about renegotiating a place for Quebec in Canada—than on the economic front. Bourassa, who until very recently was pandering to the separatist movement, has begun calling for a "renewed federalism" and backpedaling on his party's proposal for a referendum on Quebec independence in October.

What happens now that the New York deal is off? Given the project's dependence on outside capital, the assertion that Phase II will proceed sounds more like a threat to the Cree and the environmentalists than a realistic prospect. With Hydro-Quebec having lost the deals it assured investors it would sign, those investors, who are already in for billions of dollars, will likely seek higher rates of return than Hydro-Quebec can afford to pay in order to capitalize Phase II. Robert Blohm calculates that for every 0.1 percent increase in interest that Hydro-Quebec will have to pay, the utility's operating costs will rise by nearly 1 percent.

Meanwhile, U.S. electrical utilities might be persuaded to get serious about cogeneration and conservation, though they might instead merely burn more coal and oil. The Cree have a better chance of retaining what is left of their once-mighty ancestral lands. The environment may be spared a further reckless and destabilizing intrusion, the total effects of which cannot be predicted.

The government of Quebec, and the province's nearly 7 million citizens, will eventually be faced with a money crunch of momentous proportions at Hydro-Quebec. The utility has already begun pushing for higher electrical rates as a result of its troubles. Just in the past year, according to Robert McCullough, an energy-industry consultant retained by the Cree, average monthly rates have risen from $100 to $112; in the current scenario monthly rates would have to increase by $80 to $100 over the next decade to finance Phase II. The taxpayers and ratepayers of a province racked by poverty have been set up. Since Hydro-Quebec began its push for a hydro economy, household dependence on electrical heating—and this in a cold climate—has gone from less than 10 percent in 1971 to over 70 percent in 1991.

It will take decades to overcome the legacies of James Bay, which is tragic considering how little control the people have had over the fate of their economy as it has been reshaped around Hydro-Quebec's vision of development. The question is, should the day of reckoning come sooner or later? Cuomo's decision represents a big step toward facing down the monolith now, before it is permitted to pervert Quebec's economic orientation still more, suppress the free flow of information and dissent in Quebec even further, and indenture future generations into absolute peonage. Northeastern Americans have exerted a crucial positive influence on the future of Quebec. □

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THE THIRD ANNUAL NATION/I.F. STONE AWARD FOR STUDENT JOURNALISM

ENTRY DEADLINE: JUNE 29, 1992

PURPOSE: The Nation Institute/I.F. Stone Award recognizes excellence in student journalism. Entries should exhibit the uniquely independent journalistic tradition of I.F. Stone. A self-described "Jeffersonian Marxist," Stone combined progressive politics, investigative zeal and a compulsion to tell the truth with a commitment to human rights and the exposure of injustice. As Washington editor of *The Nation* magazine and founder of the legendary *I.F. Stone's Weekly,* he specialized in publishing information ignored by the mainstream media (which he often found in *The Congressional Record* and other public documents overlooked by the big-circulation dailies).

ELIGIBILITY: The contest is open to all undergraduate students enrolled in a U.S. college. Articles may be submitted by the writers themselves or nominated by editors of student publications or faculty members. While entries originally published in student publications are preferred, all articles will be considered provided they were not written as part of a student's regular course work.

THE PRIZE: The article that, in the opinion of the judges, represents the most outstanding example of student journalism in the tradition of I.F. Stone will be published in a fall issue of *The Nation.* The winner will receive a cash award of $500. *The Nation* reserves the right to edit the winning article to conform to the space limitations of the magazine. Announcement of the winning article will be made in *The Nation* in the fall of 1992.

DEADLINE: All entries must be postmarked by June 29, 1992.

ENTRY RULES:

All entries must have been written or published between September 1, 1991, and June 29, 1992. Tear sheets or photocopies are acceptable.

Each writer, editor of a student publication or faculty member may submit up to three separate entries. A series of related articles will be considered as a single entry. Investigative articles are particularly encouraged. There are no restrictions as to scope, content or length.

Accompanying material in support of entries is not required, but entrants are encouraged to submit a cover letter explaining the context of the submitted story, along with a brief biographical note about the author. Elaborate presentations are neither required nor desired. Entries will not be returned.

Judges reserve the right to authenticate, accept or disallow entries at their discretion. The decision of the judges is final.

All entries must include the writer's school, home address and telephone number.

ALL ENTRIES SHOULD BE SENT TO:
NATION/STONE AWARD, C/O THE NATION INSTITUTE, 72 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10011

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, PLEASE CALL (212) 463-9270.

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LOOK AT THE RECORD

We're Number One! (Really?)

The following is an excerpt from We're Number One!: Where America Stands—and Falls—in the New World Order, *to be published in May by Vintage. The book was hatched at* The Nation *last spring, when then-intern Andrew L. Shapiro wrote an item examining the reality behind the boast. An agent and then a publisher were interested. The result is a comprehensive answer to the question, Number one in what? In some things that are nothing to brag about, Shapiro discovered.*

ANDREW L. SHAPIRO

WORK AND PRODUCTIVITY

- **We're Number One in managers.**
- **We're Last in growth of industrial productivity.**

The United States has the most managers per employee, yet during the past decade our industrial output has grown the least of all the nineteen major industrial nations. Is our managerial class overinflated and out of touch with the rank and file? Japan, a leader in growth of labor productivity, has three times *fewer* managers per employee than the United States. Finland, the top performer, experienced five times as much growth as the United States with one-quarter the number of managers per employee. There seems to be an inverse relationship throughout between management size and productivity. Managers make up about 6 percent of the labor force on average in industrialized nations, compared with 12.1 percent in America. Growth of productivity between 1979 and 1990 was 2 percent on average in major European nations and 0.7 percent in the United States.

Percent of economically active population who are managers or administrative workers, 1989; and percentage average annual growth of labor productivity, in output per employee, 1979 to 1990:

COUNTRY	MANAGERS(%)	PRODUCTIVITY GROWTH (%)
United States	**12.1**	**0.7**
Australia	11.9	0.9
Canada	11.9	1.2
Austria	4.7	1.9
Japan	3.7	3.0
Netherlands	3.3	1.5
Denmark	3.0	2.1
Finland	3.0	3.6
Ireland	2.2	—
Spain	1.3	3.0

Sources: International Labor Organization, *Yearbook of Labor Statistics 1989–90* (Geneva: ILO, 1990), pp. 120-186; Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, *OECD Economic Outlook 50* (Paris: OECD, 1991), p. 136.

Andrew L. Shapiro, publicity director for The Nation, *also teaches social studies and English at The Dalton School.*

SALARIES AND VACATIONS

- **We're Number One in executive salaries.**
- **We're Number One in inequality of pay.**

American chief executives make about twice as much as their counterparts abroad *and* twenty-five times more than the average American worker—the largest ratio of any of the nineteen major industrial nations. Average remuneration (salary, benefits, holdings, etc.) for a Japanese C.E.O. is $371,800, less than half that of the average American C.E.O., $747,500. France's top executives are a distant second with an average remuneration of $448,500.

Salary differences are even more stark among chief executives at the top thirty companies in respective nations: Americans make $3.2 million on average, compared with $1.1 million in the United Kingdom, $800,000 in France and Germany, and $500,000 in Japan. The top-heavy pay structure is "typical of what's wrong with American management," says one executive, "and why the U.S. is not more competitive economically."

Average remuneration of chief executive officers (C.E.O.s), and C.E.O. remuneration as a multiple of average manufacturing employee remuneration, 1991:

COUNTRY	C.E.O. SALARIES (U.S. DOLLARS)	RATIO: C.E.O. TO WORKER
United States	**$747,500**	**25**
France	448,500	16
Switzerland	424,100	11
Italy	421,300	14
Canada	407,600	12
United Kingdom	399,600	16
Belgium	397,300	13
Spain	380,600	15
Japan	371,800	11
Germany	364,500	10
Sweden	335,600	10
Netherlands	297,900	10
Australia	271,300	14
Ireland	156,500	8

Source: *Worldwide Total Remuneration 1991* (Valhalla, N.Y.: Towers Perrin, 1991), pp. 12, 22.

- **We're Last in paid vacation days.**

Americans receive an average of about eleven paid vacation days a year, the least of any citizens in the nineteen major industrial nations for which data are available. Spain offers the most vacation days, an average of thirty-two per year. Close to thirty days of vacation each year is the average in the Netherlands, Norway, Germany, Finland, Sweden and France, as well.

Paid vacation days per year, 1991:

COUNTRY	VACATION DAYS	COUNTRY	VACATION DAYS
Spain	32.0	Belgium	24.6
Netherlands	31.9	Italy	24.6
Norway	31.4	United Kingdom	24.5
Germany	29.9	Japan	24.0
Finland	28.6	Switzerland	23.4
Sweden	27.8	Ireland	22.9
France	27.0	Australia	22.4
Austria	26.8	Canada	14.7
Denmark	25.0	**United States**	**10.8**

Source: Union Bank of Switzerland, *Prices and Earnings Around the Globe, 1991* (Zurich: UBS, 1991), p. 8.

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Religious Right

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

oriented army of the faithful. Since the coalition was founded, it has attracted more than 175,000 dues-paying members, each of whom belongs to one of the county chapters organized in forty-five states. There are now twenty states that have chapters in *every* county. The combination of money and troops has attracted to the Christian Coalition nearly all the most important figures on the religious right, including Oliver North, New Right godfather Paul Weyrich and the Rev. James Dobson of Focus on the Family.

Unlike the old Moral Majority, which was heavily oriented toward the media, Robertson's new outfit has sought no headlines, and its leaders still tend to shun publicity outside right-wing Christian circles. "We're flying below radar," is the motto of Ralph Reed Jr., the coalition's 30-year-old executive director. (It happens to have been David Duke's motto too.) He boasts that the coalition's targets—such as the dozen Virginia Democrats who lost elections in 1991—don't know what his "guerrilla warriors" are doing until it's too late. He still brags about the 350,000 pieces of literature that coalition volunteers distributed all over North Carolina at the last minute in 1990 to help Senator Jesse Helms defeat Harvey Gantt.

In other words, Robertson and his supporters have set about their latest crusade armed with more than their old fanaticism. They are sophisticated and, above all, pragmatic. Although many Christian Coalition activists—and the vast majority of Robertson's *700 Club* viewers—probably prefer Buchanan, Robertson decided as early as last November to back Bush. There were religious considerations involved: Buchanan, whom Robertson calls "a dear friend and a marvelous conservative," is Catholic, and the coalition prefers Dan Quayle, who belongs to a far-right Presbyterian sect and is considered authentically born-again.

Yet it was practical politics, not religion, that dictated a Bush endorsement. And having committed themselves to Bush, Robertson and Reed are applying leverage on the White House like classic power brokers, never relaxing the pressure for political or ideological concessions. Publicly and privately they warn that without Robertson's blessing his followers, potentially critical in a close election, will stay home on Election Day.

No opportunity to twist Bush's arm has been missed. The coalition suddenly became visible this year when it mounted a grass-roots campaign against John Frohnmayer, the chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts who was ousted in February, after a flood of petitions to the White House that happened to coincide with Buchanan's exploitation of the same issue. But then, just before the crucial Georgia primary, Robertson sent out another mailing, at Bush's request, reiterating his support for the President.

What Bush offers the coalition in return, aside from Frohnmayer's head, is influence in the national campaign, a loud voice in the platform debate and delegate slots for its members. Such rewards are far more important to Robertson than Bush's

Joe Conason is editor at large of Details.

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re-election because the TV evangelist is looking beyond 1992 to a more ambitious goal: control of the Republican Party.

Hegemony won't come cheaply. Robertson estimates that the coalition spent $5 million in 1991 and will spend another $10 million this year—all of it tax free. The Christian Coalition is registered as a "social welfare organization" with the Internal Revenue Service. Under Section 501(c)4 of the I.R.S. code, the coalition isn't supposed to be primarily involved in partisan politics. In fact, the coalition is focused upon a range of highly partisan activities that may violate its tax-exempt status.

At the local level, the coalition's Republicanism is sometimes muted, especially in hostile territory. Recently, the national field director, Guy Rodgers, visited New York City to kick off the organizing of a local chapter whose first meeting attracted more than eighty dedicated activists. He talked a lot about how to canvass a precinct, and very little about George Bush or the G.O.P.

"We don't endorse candidates and we don't endorse parties," recited Rodgers in boilerplate language. "We look at issues—and you can find pro-family candidates in *both* parties." But when he boasted about the Christian Coalition's successes in Virginia last November, he was talking about driving long-term Democratic legislators out of office and replacing them with "pro-family" Republicans. "If there had been a pro-family Democrat we might have supported him," he shrugged, "but there wasn't a single one."

Such disclaimers are intended to show that the coalition is what it professes to be: strictly "nonpartisan" and "issue-oriented." But they're disingenuous. The organization's goals and methods were discussed far more candidly at a closed meeting of its leaders from around the country last November, which I attended, where plans were drawn up for the 1992 election cycle.

Robertson hosted the "Road to Victory Conference and Strategy Briefing" at his sprawling headquarters in Virginia Beach, which houses the studios of the Christian Broadcasting Network and Chancellor Robertson's fully accredited Regent University. The conference proceedings, which started with tributes by Quayle and a grateful Helms, were held in Robertson's newest building, a lavish faux-eighteenth century motel called the Founders Inn, whose walls are adorned with gigantic oil portraits of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and . . . Pat Robertson.

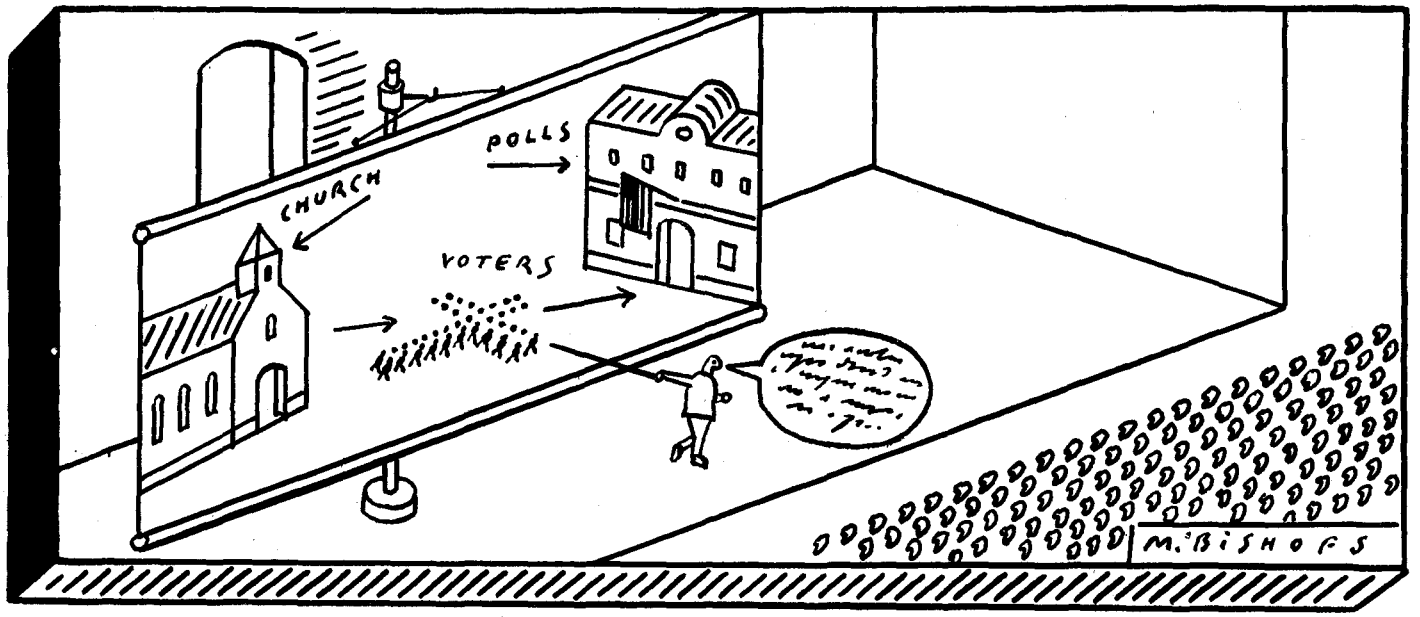
Among those who trekked to Virginia Beach were antiabortion leader and Eagle Forum president Phyllis Schlafly and Gary Bauer, the former Reagan domestic adviser who now runs the Rev. Dobson's Family Research Council. But apart from the big names in attendance, the most impressive aspect of the conference was the high level of political technique that Robertson's staff members imparted to their cadre.

For the duration of the two-day conference there was virtually no discussion of abortion or any other "pro-family" issue, except how they could be used (or misused) in an election. This was a campaign school, attended by more than 800 activists, and a brazenly partisan one at that. Not a single Democrat appeared on the program, not even as a sop to the I.R.S. Every speaker was a Republican.

But of course not all Republicans are godly. The coalition is as much engaged in internal G.O.P. wrangling as in fighting the Democrats. Talk of enemies didn't always mean journalists, liberals, homosexuals, feminists and the other usual suspects; often the sharpest insults were reserved for a breed considered truly satanic: moderate Republicans.

Such invective apparently didn't trouble Representative Guy Vander Jagt of Michigan, who chairs the National Republican Congressional Committee. Keynoting the first day's luncheon, he was flanked at the head table by G.O.P. House candidates from his home state as well as from North Carolina, Florida and Maine. A triumph for "family values" would, he vowed, mean an end to the "thirty-one years of Democratic rule" on Capitol Hill. "Why not do term limitations the old-fashioned way? Vote the rascals out and try a Republican Congress for a change!"

The details of 1992's holy war were outlined by staff members of the Republican campaign committees. Mike Pauley, a top official of Vander Jagt's operation, offered a "nuts and bolts briefing on some of the key targeted races that we need to be focusing on in 1992." Noting Republican opportunities



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in districts where incumbent Democrats are leaving office, Pauley urged that the Christian Coalition get involved in low-turnout primaries in which "a bloc of pro-life and pro-family voters can have twice or three times as much impact as they do in a general election."

Pauley's counterpart at the National Republican Senatorial Committee, Curt Anderson, was even bolder. He too solicited the coalition's aid against incumbent Democrats, but then went on to attack specific members of his own party. As officials of the national G.O.P. apparatus, he and Pauley are both supposedly neutral in primaries, but Anderson exhorted the coalition to support "pro-family" primary contenders, especially in California, where, he said, "people better help out [Bruce] Herschensohn" against moderate Tom Campbell.

Anderson further confided that although officially the N.R.S.C. would have to back Senator Arlen Specter in Pennsylvania, he prefers conservative challenger Steve Freind, author of that state's newly restrictive abortion law. Evidently the coalition took this advice to heart; Guy Rodgers said in New York that he was preparing to mail 500,000 "pro-family" guides to G.O.P. voters in Pennsylvania before the April 28 primary there.

The conference's second day was devoted to "turning out the Christian vote in 1992." Aside from an impressive display of technical knowledge, what emerged in lectures by Reed and Rodgers was a cynically realistic attitude toward voters and elections. "In any good voter-turnout election—I'm talking about a presidential election," explained Rodgers, "only 15 percent of the eligible voters determine the outcome. . . . How could that be? Of all adults 18 and over who are eligible, only about 60-65 percent are registered to vote. And of those registered, only 50 percent actually vote. . . . Now in low-turnout elections—city council, state legislature, county commission—the percentage of those who determine who wins can be as low as 6 or 7 percent!"

He paused. "Is this sinking in? We don't have to worry about convincing a majority of Americans to agree with us. Most of them are staying home and watching *Falcon Crest*. They're not involved, they're not voting, so who cares?"

That, he added, is "why the feminists are so terrified of *Roe v. Wade* being overturned. We have the bodies. What we're endeavoring to do in Christian Coalition is get the Christians out of the churches and into the precincts. We build a conduit into the churches where we can funnel information in and funnel people out."

Anticipating a crucial Supreme Court decision on *Roe v. Wade* this spring, the coalition has spent months preparing for pitched battle against the pro-choice forces in Washington and the state capitals. On the weekend of April 5, as feminist banners filled the Washington Mall, every Christian Coalition member in the country received an "actiongram" from Reed, urging an immediate lobbying campaign against the Freedom of Choice Act now pending in Congress. If passed, it would put a major crimp in the Christian Coalition's strategy of restricting abortion rights by winning control of state legislatures. In the meantime, however, coalition activists will be supplying an abortion litmus test to every incumbent or insurgent running this year. Electing "our kind of people,"

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as Rodgers said last November, "is the most effective form of lobbying there is."

After distributing hundreds of costly kits and manuals, Rodgers and Reed took the audience step by step through the process of identifying "pro-family" voters in their counties with a telephone canvass. It's a massive, tedious job, which is why the troops were being motivated to start phoning immediately. Rodgers claimed that 5,000 such "precinct action kits"—each potentially worth hundreds of names—had already been distributed across the country by last fall. Again, there was a clearly partisan emphasis. "You have to pick and choose," Rodgers urged. "You don't do voter ID in a precinct that votes 97 percent *Democrat*." Or, as Reed said, "There are no Dukakis Democrats on our lists. We don't want to communicate with them. We don't even want them to know there's an election."

Robertson is looking well beyond the 1992 election.

Here's how it works. Once the canvasser chooses a target precinct, the phone script is quite simple. "Do you usually vote for Republican or Democratic candidates? In 1988, did you support George Bush or Michael Dukakis?" If the voter answers Democrat and Dukakis, the conversation is politely terminated and a new voter is dialed. "Now as soon as we know who the Democratic nominee for '92 is gonna be," Reed blurted, "we'll be asking *that* question."

Then, after a query about abortion (for use in post-*Roe* state elections), the canvasser moves briskly to the voter's all-important "issue burden"—the issue that most bothers that particular voter. This information allows computerized manipulation of individual voters. With names properly coded, a canned but seemingly personalized paragraph on any of thirty or forty issues—from pornographic art to roads and sewers—may then be laser-printed into an otherwise generic mailing.

When combined with heavily biased "voter guides," the effect of this technology can be stunning. The Christian Coalition used precisely those techniques to elect conservative Republicans in seven out of nine State Senate races in the Virginia Beach area. Gleefully recounting the results, Reed called those local elections "a test that worked brilliantly." The Christian Coalition's antiabortion candidates had bamboozled an overwhelmingly pro-choice electorate by focusing their direct mail and phone canvasses on such local issues as water shortage, traffic, crime and education.

"Many of our people who were doing this voter ID also *happened* to be precinct captains for the Republican Party," Reed explained with a little smile. In other words, there's an easy way around the laws that prohibit tax-exempt groups from influencing elections—even on the federal level. "What you can do is either have the candidate purchase [the voter ID lists] or, as I said, if you're a precinct captain for both the candidate and the coalition . . . well, hey," he shrugged, "it just so happens you work for two organizations."

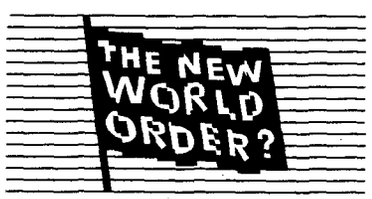
As an example, he said, "We're gonna be doing a lot of voter ID in that California Senate [primary] race. We can't take a position, but if [our] people ID voters on behalf of the Dannemeyer campaign, that's fine with us." Gay-bashing Representative William Dannemeyer, now running for the Senate against moderate Republican John Seymour, is a coalition favorite.

Although the Christian Coalition's members are deeply immersed in the current election cycle, Robertson is looking well beyond 1992. At the conference, coalition activists were introduced to the mind-numbing intricacies of becoming a delegate to the G.O.P. convention and, eventually, a member of the Republican National Committee. "Our key objective for Christian Coalition long term," confided a California operative, "would be to take control of the R.N.C. . . . Impossible task? Absolutely not. But it isn't gonna happen unless every one of you registers as a county central committee member."

Already several Christian Coalition leaders hold seats on the R.N.C., and Morton Blackwell, the veteran conservative who is an R.N.C. member from Virginia, is helping Robertson to recruit more. At the conference's closing banquet Robertson declared his timetable explicitly. "We want to see a working majority of the Republican Party in the hands of pro-family Christians," he said, "by 1996 or sooner."

Robertson's scheme is admittedly not a modest one, and neither is his attempt to unite Protestant fundamentalists, divided among themselves by various religious doctrines, with conservative Catholic and Eastern Orthodox voters, who aren't considered "saved." To achieve it all will require years, not months, of patient, skillful organizing. But in addition to substantial funding and dazzling technical prowess, the Christian Coalition prospers from a lack of competition. Nobody else, right or left, is daring to mount a grass-roots effort on this scale.

If they succeed, Robertson and his followers will transform the Republican Party into a Christian patriotic front even more authoritarian and bigoted than today's G.O.P. While he tried to sound like a reasonable conservative in 1988, Robertson now raves about one-worldist plots by the "money elites" of the Eastern Establishment. His latest book, *The New World Order*, nails fellow Yalie Bush as a Trilateralist, thus reviving



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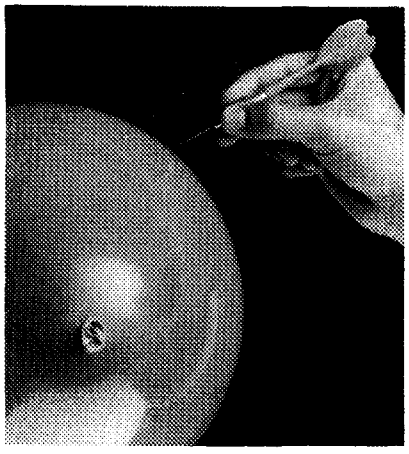

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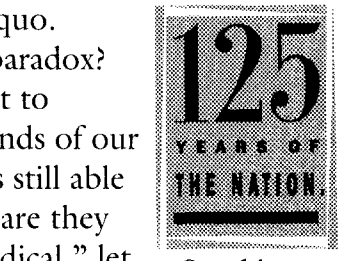

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the age-old conspiracy doctrines that go back to the Bavarian Illuminati. Even worse, the President is an "unwitting agent" of Lucifer. (Robertson anticipates a "Christian in the White House by the year 2000.")

Still more disturbing than Robertson's bizarre ideas, however, is the nasty mood of his followers. The "Road to Victory" conference ended on the night of the Louisiana gubernatorial election, and as they drifted out of the closing banquet, coalition leaders gathered in the lobby to watch the returns on CNN. The majority were clearly disappointed by David Duke's defeat. Among them was Billy McCormick, the chairman of the Louisiana Christian Coalition, who'd sat at Robertson's right hand that evening and was introduced as the man who inspired Pat to found the coalition. McCormick, having supported Duke for governor and vouched publicly for the neo-Nazi's devout Christianity, has followed Robertson's lead. He is now the vice chairman of the Bush campaign in Louisiana.

By November the coalition's cadre will be conducting their electoral guerrilla tactics on behalf of Republicans from Bush down—churning out voter guides, firing off direct mail, cranking up phone banks. Will Robertson get away with abusing a tax-exempt organization to pursue his partisan political agenda? The moderate Republicans are scarcely aware of what he's doing, and the Democrats don't even have a clue.

For the record, Ralph Reed claims that his group does not "advocate the election or defeat of candidates in our publications, including voter guides." He also insists that the "Road

'God's Air Force'

FREDERICK CLARKSON

The National Religious Broadcasters convention in Washington, D.C., is a trade show like no other. For five days in January, some 7,000 broadcasters and staff, vendors, political cause-mongers, booksellers and others seeking exposure in the "Christian market" met at the Sheraton Washington hotel. Like defense contractors or auto-parts dealers, the TV and radio evangelists gather to demonstrate their political clout and to network. The N.R.B. is where American political and business styles meet evangelical Christianity.

At this year's gathering of "God's Air Force," as they sometimes call themselves, a variety of tensions popped up between the Christian right and moderate Republicans, including President Bush. Simultaneously, the N.R.B. was struggling for the social acceptance and image of probity it has always craved. Thus the President's convention speech came at a mutually crucial moment. Bush was facing the Buchanan challenge and needed to reassert his credentials to the right. The broadcasters, rocked once again by scandals, needed the quick fix of respectability by association that only a President can confer. Bush pushed all the right evangelical buttons in his N.R.B. address—his sixth as President or Vice President. He was pro-school prayer, pro-school choice and antiabortion. He crowed about Iraq, praised our boys and declared, "I want to thank you for helping America, as Christ ordained, to be a light unto the world." He and Barbara were warmly received. Nevertheless, some Bush critics had prepared an ambush.

The morning of Bush's speech, he was greeted by a full-page ad in *The Washington Times* urging support for $10 billion in loan guarantees for Israel. The ad was sponsored by the Traditional Values Coalition (T.V.C.) and signed by N.R.B. leaders, including president David Clark and a host of Christian Zionists, notably Jerry Falwell and author Hal Lindsay. The night before, an Israel Solidarity rally, sponsored by the Christians' Israel Public Action Campaign, convened in a ballroom of the hotel. The host, president of CIPAC Richard Hellman, suggested that the poor state of the U.S. economy, the President's illness in Japan and storm damage to his house in Kennebunkport, Maine, were messages from God.

As Hellman later told me at the T.V.C. press conference after Bush's speech: "I did point out certain interesting coincidences. One day the President said there were a thousand lobbyists up on the Hill speaking out on behalf of loan guarantees for Israel—as if those of us who were up there were somehow doing something that was illegal or un-American. . . . And it was very shortly after that that his house was blown in. . . . And the fact that one day the U.S. strongly condemned Israel in the U.N., in more harsh language than was used against Iraq . . . the very next day we did witness the quite literally terrifying view of our President stricken, many of us thought almost as though dead, before our very eyes in the paper and on television."

"One might say these are just coincidences," he intoned. "But I think that if it were I, and I were leading a nation that had gone through the worst quarter economically in thirty years . . . I would start to wonder if there was something more I could do. What more might I do for my nation, including what more might I do to bless Israel, so that my nation in turn would be blessed?"

The CIPAC rally also turned up a fascinating example of the importance of the Christian right in internal Republican Party politics. Hellman announced awards to Representative Tom Lantos and to Senators Orrin Hatch and Arlen Specter as "Defenders of Israel," and to *Washington Post* writer Lally Weymouth for her Middle East reporting. Senator Specter sent aide Tom Bowman to accept the award on his behalf. Bowman, Hellman announced, was the Pennsylvania coordinator for televangelist Pat Robertson's 1988 presidential campaign. Specter, who supports abortion rights, is facing a challenge in the Republican primary from right-wing State Representative Steve Freind—the main sponsor of the Pennsylvania antiabortion legislation now before the U.S. Supreme Court. Freind, who believes that Specter is using Bowman to raid his conservative Christian constituency, hosted a reception at the convention.

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to Victory" conference was "non-partisan" and merely taught participants "how to identify pro-family voters (without regard to party affiliation or support for candidates), and how to distribute non-partisan voter guides, which inform voters on where candidates stand on the key issues facing America."

Of course, it's the Internal Revenue Service that is supposed to police this kind of political scam. But the I.R.S. is still investigating Pat's last venture into tax-free politicking, the defunct Freedom Council, which played an important role in 1987 preparing the way for his presidential campaign. Robertson and his cohort don't exactly seem scared. Perhaps they reckon that by the time the I.R.S. or anyone else gets around to auditing the Christian Coalition, they'll already be canvassing precincts for President Quayle. □

In 1988, following the Jimmy Swaggart and Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker scandals, the N.R.B. established the Ethics and Financial Integrity Commission (EFICOM), which laid down reporting requirements for nonprofit broadcasters with revenues of over $150,000 a year. For-profit broadcasters (currently there are about 170) and foreign members are exempt. Also exempt are members of an independent group, the Evangelical Council for Financial Accountability.

Recently ABC's *PrimeTime Live* exposed up-and-coming Dallas televangelist Larry Lea for financial improprieties. This latest scandal reveals the weaknesses of the self-regulating EFICOM system. The N.R.B. admitted that Lea had failed to comply with EFICOM reporting requirements for almost a year. During the N.R.B. conference, Clark announced that about 162 members and prospective members had just been dropped. "We're policing our ranks," Clark declared, "and this is not easy." On closer questioning by reporters, Clark admitted that the 162 were actually being given one last chance to comply. Clark told *Christianity Today* magazine that the effectiveness of EFICOM is limited. "If someone has a larcenous soul," he said, "and wants to steal or be dishonest or immoral, EFICOM regulations will not prevent that, nor will any other type of law."

On the other hand, the N.R.B. is lobbying for federal legislation to re-regulate the cable industry. It wants a proviso that local cable systems "must carry" local broadcasts, including religious broadcasters. In this regard, Clark told reporters at a press conference "one of the best lines I ever heard" was by Florida televangelist and N.R.B. board member D. James Kennedy: "The aphorism that you can't regulate morality is totally wrong. That's all you can regulate. That's what law is about."

Frederick Clarkson is writing a monograph on the Christian right for Political Research Associates, based in Cambridge, Massachusetts. His work has appeared in such publications as Church & State, Mother Jones, *and* The Quayle Quarterly.

EDITORIALS.

(*Continued From Page 545*)

Given the ethnic mix of the republic—whose population of 4.4 million is one-third Serb, one-fifth Croat and two-fifths Muslim—the plan would require dividing provinces, towns and even bedrooms. Negotiations on the plan, seen by many as a recipe for population transfer, created enormous anxiety among all nationalities. Then the E.C. countries recognized Bosnia on April 6 but, under pressure from Greece, refused to recognize Macedonia, whose independence the Badinter commission approved. The apparent lesson: War pays.

The crisis in Yugoslavia is political, not ethnic. It has grown out of submerged national tensions, but it has been given life by the lack of democracy. In the post-Communist Yugoslav republics, majority-based political institutions and the absence of an active civil society mean that minority views are suppressed and citizens' access to political debate is extremely limited. There are moderate and pluralistic voices of great courage, as shown by the extraordinary people's assembly in Sarajevo. But the E.C. and other organizations—and most media—have ignored their proposals for building an alternative politics in the south Slav region. This neglect marks perhaps the greatest of the international community's miscalculations, which have played into the hands of the nationalist extremists in all ethnic groups. The E.C. and the United States may hope that recognition will bring peace. But if the Bosnian conflict becomes, as many fear, the war that never ends, they will have to share the blame. ANTHONY BORDEN

Anthony Borden is co-editor of Breakdown: War and Reconstruction in Yugoslavia, *a dossier recently published by "Yugofax," a London-based newsletter on the crisis.*

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READING AROUND.

ELIZABETH POCHODA

Monkey Business

If you read Tom Curtis's startling article on the origins of the AIDS virus in **Rolling Stone** last month (March 19), you probably expected a firestorm of response. In a long and carefully constructed piece, Curtis suggests that the AIDS epidemic may have begun with a polio vaccine grown on monkey kidney tissue and accidentally contaminated with the simian immunodeficiency virus, SIV. He points to the vaccine developed by Hilary Koprowski and tested on some 240,000 Africans in the Belgian Congo in 1957 as the likely culprit. The fact that the earliest evidence of HIV dates from Léopoldville in 1959 is suggestive, as is Koprowski's method of vaccination—he had the vaccine squirted into people's mouths, making it possible for the virus to survive and enter the bloodstream by means of cuts in the gums. Although most researchers now think that the AIDS virus had its origin in African monkeys, the polio link represents a new wrinkle for the American scientific community, and not one it has welcomed. (In England, **The Lancet** has published an article similar to Curtis's.) Curtis tells me that there has been no follow-up in most of the official organs of reality that act as transmission belts for scientific experts. **Time** and **U.S. News & World Report** provided brief digests of the article, while **The New York Times** and **The Wall Street Journal** have so far been silent. On April 5, **The Washington Post** allowed Curtis to write an Outlook piece describing his thesis, which was run along with a derisive account of it by the paper's medical reporter. Two days later the **Los Angeles Times** ran a more respectful story, but according to Curtis, venues like **Science** and **The Economist** have been dismissive, accusing him of buying into the idea that AIDS is a conspiracy, when in fact his article makes clear that the contamination would have to have been an accident. The final line of defense put forth by **U.S. News** and others is that it hardly matters where the virus came from, we only need know where it's going. Since when did scientists not want to know about the origins of a disease—especially if, as seems likely, that information might lead to another source of experimentation in pursuit of a cure? We need more examination of this story—after all, as Curtis informs me, those early vaccines are still frozen in their labs and can be analyzed (two of the scientists awarded the Nobel Prize for growing the polio virus on tissue culture have told Curtis they think such testing should be done), and polio vaccine is still being cultured in the kidneys of African green monkeys.

Company Loves Misery?

A lot of people have been wondering about the sleek string of photographs Benetton has been running in magazines like **Vanity Fair**, **Interview** and **Rolling Stone**. Although the images carry a small Benetton logo, none of them appear to promote a product, nor do they contain explanatory text. One shows a man at the point of death, presumably from AIDS, surrounded by his grieving family; in another, refugees cling to ropes that dangle from a ship; in a third, a dead body covered with a sheet lies on a picturesque street empty except for three sorrowing women. There are plenty more, so if you're curious about what all this misery made glamorous means you can find an answer of sorts in the current **Interview**, where Ingrid Sischy chats with Luciano Benetton and Oliviero Toscani, the company's creative director. Benetton says they intend to create an awareness of problems—AIDS, refugees (those are Albanians, as it turns out), violence (Mafia-related in the case of the third photo)—by using existing photos, or "facts from reality," as he calls them. Do they think there is anything questionable about promoting their company by capitalizing on suffering? They weren't asked. In addition to promoting awareness of problems, do they give money to AIDS research or Oxfam? They weren't asked. Would they show a less glamorized death than their colorized AIDS Pietà, say one from breast cancer? They weren't asked. Have these ads done well for Benetton's sales? Don't ask.

Comix

Although he has never tried to pass himself off as anything except an exceptionally precocious goy in the risky terrain of Jewish culture, Paul Buhle clearly deserves a place in a Yiddish hall of fame for his work on Jewish humor. In the current issue of **Tikkun** he has a charming piece on the tradition of Jewish comic art as it comes to fruition in the work of Harvey Pekar (*American Splendor*) and Art Spiegelman (*Maus*). Starting with the **Groysser Kundes**, a weekly of Yiddish jokes and cartoons that ran from 1909 to 1927, Buhle describes the persistent link between sitcom humor, graphic art and radical sentiment that finds its way into the comics of Pekar and Spiegelman. And by the way, Buhle makes a political point about Spiegelman's depiction of his father, Vladek, that more sentimental critics have missed: Vladek began as a typical selfish bourgeois with no politics and no ideals; his being a survivor changes nothing about that: "Vladek was not a nice guy, ever."

Dorms et Vous?

Last month I recommended **Lingua Franca**'s article about the similarities between the pathological behavior engendered by high-rise college dorms and the crime in inner-city housing projects. This month, **Esquire** has a piece on the Kennedy Tower at UMass, Amherst, which says pretty much the same thing—the bleak, crowded, anonymous surroundings seem to produce a lot of vandalism, rape, theft and suicide. But I have also received a letter from the sociologist Herbert Gans (*The Levittowners* and *Middle American Individualism*) defending the residents of such structures from the accusation that they are any more violent than people who live elsewhere. Anecdotal evidence to the contrary, I'm inclined to believe Gans, who is usually right about such things; but I think a magazine would do well to have him write about this at length.

Vogueing

Don't miss Hortense Calisher's hilariously tangled and homophobic review of Blanche Wiesen Cook's important new biography of Eleanor Roosevelt in the current issue of **Vogue**.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Quayle Kills Fidel!

JOE FODOR

EMBRACE THE SERPENT. *By Marilyn T. Quayle and Nancy T. Northcott. Crown. 307 pp. $20.*

Pity the poor thriller writer. With the Soviet Union only a fond memory, will writer's block replace the Eastern bloc? What will cruise in Red October's wake, renegade Finnish submarines? Will we see novels about disillusioned Canadians "coming in from the cold"? Belarussian moles, high up the McDonald's corporate ladder, stealing the secrets of fast-food technology? Now, imagine that you are writing your first spy thriller and also happen to be the wife of the Vice President. Who can play the heavy, other than regulators or the E.P.A.? What country can you safely cast as villain without running the risk of having to accompany your husband there on a diplomatic visit after your book is published? Massachusetts?

Luckily for Marilyn Quayle and her co-author and sister, Nancy Northcott, inspiration struck: The old reliable locus of evil in the Western Hemisphere, Fidel Castro, still lives. At least, he does until the first page of the collaborators' novel, *Embrace the Serpent*, when he flops over dead after giving a speech. In what the sisters must consider a fine ironic point, the cigar he has finished lighting, perhaps a leftover gift from the C.I.A., falls out of his mouth and sets a small and ignominious fire in his trademark beard after he's died, filling the room with the acrid smell of burning hair.

But wouldn't you know it! Just when the last domino might be starting to tip our way, Fidel's brother and heir apparent, Raul, is killed in an ambush ordered by meddling *Russians* in order to promote their man, Minister of Communication César Valles. Valles is proclaimed president by a Russian general after Russian troops storm a Cabinet meeting. Valles immediately charges his chief rival with killing Raul Castro, thus consolidating his own power.

Meanwhile, back at El Brujo Prison in Havana, the indomitable Cuban war hero (Bay of Pigs, Angola) General José Moya is secretly released after almost a decade of political imprisonment. Moya, whom Marilyn and Nancy imagine as sort of a cross between Che Guevara and Dale Carnegie, is released into the custody of a single guard carrying a note from the new Minister of Defense, who happens to be a great supporter of Moya. The two had met when the minister, as head of Castro's Department of Disinformation and Mind Control (imagine what their stationery must have looked like), was assigned responsibility for brainwashing Moya and instead ended up being brainwashed himself. As the novel begins he is a great supporter of "La Causa," Moya's anti-Castro revolutionary group, as are many of the close circle of ministers left in power after Valles staged his coup.

The post-Bush President is a likable dunce . . . but he's a Democrat, not Dan Quayle.

Surprisingly, despite all of these ministers supporting La Causa, and with firsthand accounts of the coup by Presidential Palace maid María and her chaste lover, Alejandro, few in Washington believe rumors that the regime is a Russian puppet. In fact, they swallow the story that the Russians support Moya, who was jailed by Fidel and almost executed because he wrote a famous book published by an American university press decrying the Castro regime. The President even authorizes U.S. military support to Valles should a coup attempt materialize.

The fictional occupant of the White House, who goes unnamed but not partyless (guess which?) in the book, is so inept that he needs to hear a tape of the conversation the new Cuban leader has with the Russian President outlining the entire nefarious plot before he agrees to withhold military support from the regime. Of course, this link wouldn't have gone unnoticed if the C.I.A. hadn't been "emasculated" in this fictional post-Bush Administration set in 1995. The American President is a likable dunce whose background might sound as familiar as Al Gore's or Bill Clinton's (or George Bush's, for that matter), but he's really a sort of cultural Oreo:

> The President was an astute politician. He was careful to emphasize his Kentucky heritage; he was just a good old boy. Funny how few had keyed on his real history: boarding schools in the East, Ivy League college, first jobs in the East as well.

After learning of Castro's death, the President chats with *Washington Herald* executive editor Peter Evans, a character intended as a takeoff on powerful *Washington Post* editor Benjamin Bradlee (if you missed it the first time, one of his reporters mentioned in a later chapter is named Bradley Thomas). Evans is a close friend and supporter of bad-guy Valles. In their phone conversation, the President sounds like a card-carrying member of the A.C.L.U., or at least no global policeman:

> "Yes, the news was sent over a few minutes ago. Interesting, indeed. Nothing we can do, though. Just wait for events to unfold. Wouldn't do to interfere in another country's affairs."

Excessively vain (at one point he imagines himself gracing the cover of *Time* as "Man of the Century"), the President and his glamorous wife are epitomes of style without substance: "The media never tired of using phrases such as 'the always stunning President and First Lady,' 'their style combining elegance with a dash of flair,' 'magnificent models for American haute couture.'" The First Lady dotes on a multicultural pet, naturally—a Siamese cat named Nefertiti.

The hero of this very political book is a rookie Senator from Georgia, a retired Navy man and former university president who also happens to be an African-American Republican. Marilyn and Nancy have created a black Eisenhower—his name is Bob Grant—and cast a Quayle family dog, in a cameo appearance from beyond the grave, as the Sen-

Joe Fodor is associate editor of The Quayle Quarterly *and one of the authors of* What a Waste It Is to Lose One's Mind: The Unauthorized Autobiography of Dan Quayle *(available from* The Quayle Quarterly, *P.O. Box 8593, Bridgeport, CT 06605).*

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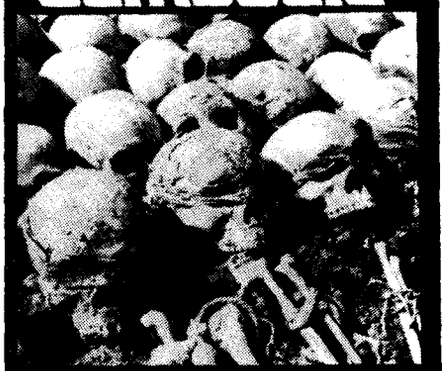

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ator's Labrador retriever, Justice. The real Justice, the Quayles' since 1974, died while the book was being written, one weekend while the Quayles were out of town. (Nervous staffers ordered the stiff put on ice until they knew what the Quayles wanted to do with the body.) Diehard Quayle-watchers will note that the Democratic President's Head of Congressional Affairs, Sam Breeze, is named in honor of the Quayles' new dog, Breezy, another black Labrador.

The Quayle children are all represented as characters in this book as well. Mitchell Tucker, a businessman who hopes the new regime in Cuba will let him build a plant there, is named after the Quayles' eldest son, Tucker. Corinne Fitzpatrick, tough-as-nails national security adviser under the previous Republican Administration and a Jeane Kirkpatrick clone, is named for the Quayles' only daughter; and Benjamin Dashev, the helpful Israeli diplomat with links to the Mossad, is named after their youngest son, Benjamin.

A standard theme for Republicans, "The Family" is also a major theme in the book: The Tucker sisters dedicate it to Mom and Dad, and for good measure throw in a patch of inspirational prose:

> Family is the wellspring from which flows faith, integrity, compassion, confidence, industry, selflessness, spirit—the strength of the soul and the basis of national strength. When family fails, the nation falls.

Of course, the good guys—Senator Grant and a number of Cubans in La Causa who selflessly martyr themselves to insure "freedom" in Cuba—all have exemplary family lives. Bob and Rachel Grant resemble Dan and Marilyn:

> No doubt about it, Rachel was special. She understood him and put up with him anyway. But then, he'd realized she was special from the moment they'd met. Almost immediately they'd gotten into a spirited discussion which had led to a meal at the local drive-in. Over hamburgers and fries, they'd fallen in love. Grant always claimed that the chocolate shake, a real treat in those days, had lowered his defenses.

It was also love at first sight for Dan and Marilyn, who met in 1972 while doing research for the Governor of Indiana on the death penalty, and were married two months later. (As a result of marrying his brainy law school classmate, Dan improved his grades drastically. Who says he's dumb?)

Contrast this with the family life of Peter Evans, the vain and powerful head of *The Washington Herald*, who neglects his wife at home, is bored by his two daughters and has been having a long-term affair with the wife of a powerful Senator, Trent Westlake. (Guess which party *he* hails from?) The scene between Senator Westlake and his wife qualifies as the steamiest in the entire book, the expectations raised by a Freudian reading of the novel's title notwithstanding.

> Westlake arrived home to find Constance packing an overnight bag.
>
> "A trip to New York?" he asked, kissing her gingerly on the cheek so as not to mess her makeup.
>
> "I'm afraid so," she said, pulling her mind away from Peter Evans and the night they would spend together. She turned toward her husband and slowly began unbuttoning his jacket. She slipped her hands underneath it and stroked his back and chest. "I know it's Friday, and you know I always try to stay home on Fridays." She pressed her body against his and nibbled his ear. "It's so nice having you come home early. What a bore that I have to leave." She ran her tongue around the lobe. "But this trip really is an emergency. My man in New York has found the perfect antique for Melissa Secoulas, and he can't hold it past tomorrow. I'm devastated, you know that." She put a whisper of a kiss on his lips.
>
> "I'm sorry you won't be here," her husband murmured breathlessly, fumbling with the buttons on her blouse. "I'll miss you."
>
> Constance gently disengaged his hands. Smiling wistfully, she pulled away and returned to her packing.

Like Senator Westlake, readers who expect steamy sex scenes in this book will go away empty-handed. Readers who expect thrills in a book described on its jacket as "thrilling—timely, trenchant, tremendous" will also be disappointed. However, connoisseurs of tin-ear dialogue, cliché and obvious political point-making will find *Embrace the Serpent* a campy classic, on a par with Spiro Agnew's *The Canfield Decision*.

Marilyn and Nancy finished their book in October 1990 and sold it to Crown in February of the next year. In the original draft, titled *The Rage of the Lamb*, the *Soviets* were the bad guys, and wanted to shore up their crumbling economy with drug money from Cuba. Of course, this would be possible only if a Democrat were in the White House. The Russian general in charge of the island, Basilov, describes the scenario

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in terms meant to be flattering to President Bush:

> "How providential that we have this President to deal with and not his predecessor." For a moment, Basilov considered the current American President, a Democrat, the first such in a decade. "Americans are hard to figure, aren't they? Those last few years should have taught them something. Their military strength changed the face of the world."
>
> "Let's hope they continue their current willful blindness. We have to make Cuba ours if we hope to gain economic freedom."

During rewrites last fall, the Soviet Union expired, leaving thriller writers grieving and the Tucker sisters lacking a credible antagonist in their book. A new nemesis—a new group of megalomaniacs bent on world domination—was introduced to pull the puppet strings of the considerably downsized *Russians*. The powers behind the International Bank of Trade and Credit, the "major bankroller for every terrorist group in the world today," are ten Arab men who wear impeccably tailored Western suits and seek to destroy the United States by saturating it with "opium, heroin, and ice." Then, with nuclear weapons already in place, they intend simply to take over the world. Or as one of them explains it:

> "Drugs to weaken them, nuclear weapons poised off their shores—soon they will be ours. Our money gives us the power. Allah gives us the divine right."
>
> "Allah be praised!"
>
> "The pieces are almost in place. Within the year, the Persian Empire will regain its rightful place as supreme power of the universe. The infidels will beg our mercy, and we will destroy them. We will rule the world once again."
>
> "Allah be praised."

Time will tell if a band of monarchists conspiring for a return of the "Persian Empire" represent enough of a threat, a sufficiently Evil Empire for spy-thriller writers starved for geopolitical antagonists after the collapse of the Soviet Union. In this case, at the close of 307 pages of the Tucker sisters' plot-heavy huggermugger it is the 32-year-old son of a former puppet of the United States, Reza Pahlavi—the legitimate heir to the Pahlavi dynasty (overthrown in 1979), the Peacock throne and by association the Persian Empire—who stands to gain the title *supreme power of the universe* if his minions can retain the upper hand in Cuba. The bad guys are gracious losers in the end:

> "Valles has been defeated and Moya proclaimed President."
>
> "Can Moya be bought?"
>
> "We will try, but we'll have to approach him carefully. He's a patriot."
>
> "We can't wait. Increase our work in Mexico. Their economy continues to falter. They're ripe for manipulation."
>
> "Key on Panama as well. The canal is important."
>
> "I want Cuba!"
>
> "You needn't fear—Cuba will soon be ours."
>
> "The world will be ours."
>
> "Allah be praised!"

Marilyn Quayle and her sister are working on another book, perhaps to be titled *Swallow the Sword*. Dan Quayle, who ranks among Marilyn's finest fictional creations, goes up for re-election in November. □

Enemies or Lovers

RICHARD HOWARD

THE INTERIOR CASTLE: The Art and Life of Jean Stafford. *By Ann Hulbert. Knopf. 412 pp. $25.*

In 1960, when she had reached the end of her career as a writer of novels and stories (though she was to live another nineteen years), Jean Stafford complained, or perhaps exulted, in a letter to her old friend Peter Taylor: "It's been so long since I've seen any specifically literary people. . . ." She had just had a visit from Elizabeth Bowen, she saw Howard Moss weekly, and me every day. That she could lay such a claim had to do with her assessment of what constituted the "specifically literary"; it had to do—as Ann Hulbert's patient, searching study makes plain, even makes precipitous—with what had marked and scarred her in some initiating phase. If the people she saw had not been part of that phase (and I would take the word "initiating" in its sadistic, sorority-house sense in order to qualify Stafford's literary consciousness), they could not participate in it subsequently. I now understand, as I could not until I had read this book, how the process worked; indeed the whole cautionary tale, as Hulbert so carefully tells it, with many remarkable quotations from unpublished letters, has had the effect of illuminating for me one of the most baffling relationships of my life, for I could never reconcile the sharp-tongued author of "The Interior Castle" with the ready sycophant of wealthy ladies, nor the homophobic racist aspirant to the dignity that all disease confers with the shrewd and learned analyst of "The Echo and the Nemesis." Deliberately, without the slightest resonance of castigation, Hulbert traces every vein back to the airless mine of the family romance: "the danger of self-exposure was a theme she returned to again and again . . . as she careened between the urge to exhibitionism and the desire for isolation. . . . The power of the imagination to shape life in destructive ways was to be a recurrent theme of both her difficult life and her art."

It goes a long way toward explaining, this book which so admirably disentangles the successful "art" from the catastrophic "life," why the thrice-married author (to Robert Lowell, to Oliver Jensen, to A.J. Liebling) who liked to call herself the Widow Liebling wrote her letters on stationery headed "Miss Jean Stafford"; why the resolutely conventional defender, as she has so preposterously become, of just the family structures that had wrecked her life should entirely elide the possibility of release into friendship: "A woman must also be a daughter, a sister, a mother. Otherwise, we are all either enemies or lovers. . . ." Apparently the prospect of amity was not within reach. It is a history of torment that Hulbert is called upon to trace, and for the first time (there are two previous biographies, or pathographies, to borrow Joyce Carol Oates's withering term) we are in a position to admire the stoic gift that won from so much suffering so much remarkable prose. A few years back, Elizabeth Frank wrote a biography of Louise Bogan (it won a Pulitzer Prize) that is usefully comparable to Hulbert's painful, painstaking account in its resolute anatomy of the agonies of alcoholic self-detestation. The poet and the novelist, who seem to have opposed and even condemned themselves in every particular, despite an occasional blazing glimpse of literary redemption, are remarkably analogous figures, heroic in sustaining the integrity of their salvaged texts against the waste and pillage of castaway lives. In Stafford's case, I believe *The Mountain Lion* (1947), the first half of *Boston Ad-*

Richard Howard is a poet and translator, and University Professor of English at the University of Houston.

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venture (1944), and *The Collected Stories* (1969) are lasting victories of determination and vision over what Hulbert reveals to be a desolation of mendacious patrimony and provincial circumstance. Nor had I any corroborating notion, till now, of what ambitious projects had been fruitlessly attempted, how much was lost, how many books could not be brought to term; the eloquence of Jean Stafford's prose always beguiled the suspicion that it was won against such terrible odds. Ann Hulbert's book, exemplary in so many other respects—not only superior in moral dignity to its predecessors in Stafford criticism but to those punctual biographies of McCullers, Porter and Plath that have so gruesomely relished the lived contradictions of female authorship—is principally precious as an evidence of the cost, as well as the worth, of a woman's effort, in our society, to overcome the (largely internalized) obstacles to an autonomous creative life. It empowers us as readers of a singular *oeuvre*, and as inquisitors of our own experience.

And it offers a way for me to understand the Scheherazade of East Hampton, as we used to call her, as in this last word I ever had from her, dated January 31, 1974:

"Soon after I saw you . . . I saw, as you know, the doctor of magic. For a while, I was as euphoric as if I were at last beginning to understand a new language, or as if I were in love. And then, for no immediately discoverable reason, a dark night settled down upon my soul, darker than I have known in very many years. Now I think I know what brought it on—I had been sicker than I had thought or even had felt and I was having withdrawal symptoms, not from cigarettes but from ill health...."

And thence to aphasia and the last reclusive years, as bad as those of Jean Rhys or George III. The deep human need for a flight into sickness remained constant throughout all her life. How wonderful that the corrosions of *ressentiment* and alcoholism could be resisted and, to such a magisterial extent, overcome in an *affabulation* of high spirits and rhetorical genius. And how wonderful, too, the precarious forgiveness she extended to the demon lover who never successfully replaced the demon father, writing to Robert Lowell in 1964: "My dear, please never castigate yourself for what you call blindness—how blind we both were, how green we were, how countless were our individual torments we didn't know the names of. All we can do is forgive ourselves and now be good friends—how I should cherish that." Precarious—and we recall that the word means depending on an answer to prayers. □

In From the Margins

MARY PANZER

Recent changes in the intellectual marketplace have made it possible to examine a large body of work by artists whose names are unfamiliar because they remained in the United States at a time when the cultural and aesthetic revolution called Modernism was taking shape in Europe. Twenty years ago, Linda Nochlin compared such marginal figures to Eastern European jazz musicians—competent, but too far from the action to merit much notice. Like all good analogies, it still holds.

These artists received better treatment from their contemporaries. Schools of the Art Institute of Chicago, The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the National Academy of Design (among many others) trained a large number of hard-working artists whose academic work filled exhibitions. They also taught and produced portraits, illustrations and public art in the form of murals, sculpture and popular decoration. Their work often reflected indigenous, or regional, culture. Frankly provincial, these artists remained popular for the same reasons that they later lost the historical race. They ignored the innovations that shaped modern art. Most notably, they shunned Cubism, disdained abstraction and seemed happy to make a living creating art that most people could understand. After World War II, when a new generation of American artists achieved international acclaim, America ceased to belong to the provinces. Too new to be historical, and too old-fashioned to be modern, when the art of the prewar era wasn't hung in remote corridors, it sat in museum storage vaults.

The new critical approach to Modernism has revived interest in all things American. Even well-known figures have only recently benefited from history's change of heart. Important early-twentieth-century artists such as Charles Demuth, Charles Sheeler and Paul Manship have received full-scale historical treatment only in the past few years. Thomas Hart Benton, long consigned to the regionalist heap, was recently the subject of a full-blown exhibition, two books and a documentary film by Ken Burns. By contrast, their literary contemporaries—Willa Cather, Edith Wharton and Carl Sandburg—have endured several generations of scholarship, books, articles, seminars, anthologies, lectures and even readers.

This spring and summer, New Yorkers can see two exhibitions that contribute to the process of art-historical revision: "Homecoming: William H. Johnson and Afro-America, 1938–1946" at the Whitney Museum, and "The Art of Archibald J. Motley, Jr." at The Studio Museum in Harlem. (I saw them last fall at the National Museum of American Art and the Chicago Historical Society, respectively.) The careers of these artists spanned the decades between the wars. Both men received conventional academic training (Johnson in New York, Motley in Chicago) and successfully competed for fellowships and prizes. Johnson spent nearly a decade in Europe, where he and his Danish wife, a weaver, lived comfortably in Scandinavia's bohemian art world and worked under the influence of contemporary European masters. Johnson and his wife moved to New York City in the late 1930s in flight from fascism, and settled in Greenwich Village. Motley traveled to Paris in the late 1920s on a Guggenheim fellowship, then returned to Chicago. Both artists sold their work through galleries, attracted favorable reviews and eventually worked for the Federal Arts Project. Between 1928 and 1933, each also received support from the William E. Harmon Award for Distinguished Achievements Among Negroes. Both Johnson and Motley resisted classification as American or Negro artists, although their past success, like their current revival, owes a great deal to their identity as African-Americans.

Like many academic artists of the 1930s, both Johnson and Motley found new subjects in folk culture. In doing so they also followed the fashion-conscious advice of dealers, critics and collectors. Motley specialized in scenes from Chicago's equivalent of Harlem, known as Bronzeville; in his urban nighttime settings men and women dance, plot and

Mary Panzer is a writer living in Chicago.

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stroll under acid-colored lights. The harsh illumination—sometimes cobalt blue, sometimes fuchsia, sometimes honey yellow—effectively denies verisimilitude and clears the way for bold, darkly comic caricature. Johnson depicted episodes of both rural life and Harlem cafe society in bright colors and stylized shapes, with detail skillfully reduced to approach abstraction. Even in less interesting moments, Motley and Johnson issued vivid reports on American life. At their best, they enlarged the visual language of American art, forging new styles to accommodate subjects that would otherwise elude representation.

Historians Richard Powell, Jontyle Theresa Robinson and Wendy Greenhouse, who curated these exhibitions and wrote the accompanying catalogues, faced similar problems: relatively unknown artists; large, uneven bodies of work; and a historical context of such compelling interest that it threatened to overwhelm the artist and the art itself. Their solutions differ in ways that carry surprising implications for all students of American culture.

Robinson and Greenhouse exhibit Motley in all his phases, from apprentice work to slight, late sketches, though the Bronzeville scenes steal the show. Labels address two different sets of issues: biographical information and formal properties of the images themselves, such as light, color and composition. Despite Motley's many strong connections to the art establishment, including his teachers at the Art Institute, the dealers who promoted him, the colleagues with whom he worked and the masters he studied and admired, the exhibition focuses on race as the single factor guiding his career. This seems especially unfortunate in light of Motley's own ambivalent relationship to local black culture. Early on, he avoided local black art groups because he found their work mediocre, and throughout his life he decried Chicago's black middle class for its failure to support his work. Any visitor to this show will observe that the quality of Motley's work varies widely. Did he fail to succeed as a portraitist only because of his race? Or did contemporary patrons simply find his likenesses wooden and dull? On the other hand, did his broad use of comedy and caricature in the Bronzeville pictures offend black middle-class sensibilities? Did they resent his celebration of stereotyped figures such as boxers, gamblers, dancers and musicians?

Because this show disregards all critical categories except race, it does not distinguish good work from bad and does not pause to examine any of the questions raised by the current or past reception of these often alluring images. As a result, the exhibition does not substantially enlarge our understanding of this artist or the traditions in which he worked.

William H. Johnson's biographer, Richard J. Powell, chose a far different approach in organizing his exhibition and writing a biographical catalogue. The exhibition concentrates on Johnson's best work—from his late American career—which is the subject of just one chapter in the catalogue. The catalogue also generously illustrates work by artists whom Johnson emulated and admired. Although Johnson failed to supersede Van Gogh, Soutine or Picasso, such comparisons demonstrate his technical competence and provide a suspenseful preamble to the emergence of his own distinctive style.

The exhibition itself, arranged thematically, provides a clear, comprehensive view of Johnson's contribution to the history of American art. In his depiction of rural farmers and families, Harlem citizens and religious scenes, and even in his

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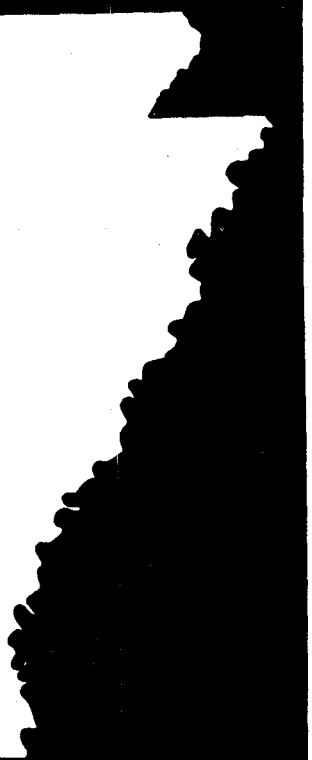

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government-supported project on life in a black army regiment, race and heritage play an important part. Thanks to Powell's skill, we are able to see how Johnson blended his education in the Western tradition of art with his specific, individual talent. As a result, no responsible survey of American art will again exclude Johnson's work.

These exhibitions belong to a growing body of scholarship that examines the African-American tradition in American art, including recent monographic exhibitions on Henry O. Tanner, Jacob Lawrence, Romare Bearden, James L. Wells and Lois Mailou Jones, as well as group exhibitions such as Gary A. Reynolds and Beryl J. Wright's "Against the Odds: African-American Artists and the Harmon Foundation" (1990); Mary Schmidt Campbell's "Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America" (1987); and Guy McElroy, Richard J. Powell and Sharon Patton's "African American Artists 1880–1987—Selections From the Evans-Tibbs Collection" (1989). These shows, with their wide range of unfamiliar artists and their comprehensive bibliographies, recall the great anthologizing efforts of feminist scholars in the 1970s. Such pioneering work revives careers that have been wrongly neglected, but in its adherence to one overriding set of criteria it also risks segregating these artists anew.

Many historians have recast the terms of this debate by using new theoretical tools. Their work, especially in the field of cultural studies, has greatly increased the complexity and interest of the discipline of art history. In light of such strategies, Powell's choice of a biographical subject, and his definition of context in terms of art and artists as well as social history, at first seems old-fashioned. Yet taken together, the exhibition and catalogue, "Homecoming: The Art and Life of William H. Johnson," demonstrate the opportunities offered by a newly spacious field.

Powell separates Johnson's struggle for recognition from the historian's own efforts to understand how that recognition was meted out. He shows conclusively that many artists now on the historical margins consciously strove to join the mainstream—and achieved their goals. In doing so Powell celebrates Johnson's achievement in terms the artist himself endorsed.

The Johnson show will be at the Whitney Museum July 31–October 25. It will travel to the Addison Gallery, Andover Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, January 16–March 13, 1993, and to the Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas, October 15, 1993–January 10, 1994. The Motley exhibit will be at The Studio Museum in Harlem April 5–June 10, and will travel to the Georgia Pacific Branch of the High Museum, Atlanta, Georgia, June 29–September 25, and to the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., October 10–January 3, 1993. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Who's the Boss?

For me, the most irritating, wonderful thing about Bruce Springsteen is how he gets under my skin whether I want him to or not. When I'm not listening to him, I can get plenty of distance. Maybe too much distance. Not listening means I can run all kinds of riffs on him. You know, smartass schoolyard critic riffs like, How can you trust a Working Class Hero who calls himself The Boss? Or earnest varsity-level critic riffs like, How does a rich rock star who lives in Hollywood write songs about the blue-collar world's harsh and sentimental realities and fill arenas with the very people he's writing about from afar? Why do they believe in him? Or fancy pro-league critic riffs like, What are the levels of manipulation inherent in a best-selling pop star's release, especially when he's fired his longtime band, had a long layoff and reappeared in bad economic times that threaten record-industry profitability, which depends so much on major stars like him?

Yeah, I guess I don't really care, either. So pop culture's mammoth tail—its distribution pipeline—can usually wag any young-dog artist it really wants to, just by the way it makes its demands up front. But the same machinery can also slam a message home. Here's an example: Oliver Stone's *JFK*. I'm no Stone fan. I think he tackles big themes and reduces them to melodrama. I've squirmed through every movie of his I've seen. But *JFK*'s got mall moviegoers who wouldn't otherwise know or care about the subtleties of the Warren Commission Report and the Zapruder film asking intense questions. When I complained to a buddy from the old neighborhood (who's currently devouring material about the Kennedy assassination thanks to the movie) about Stone's reductionism in *JFK*, his puzzled comeback

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was, "But that's what I *liked* about it."

For my money, Bruce Springsteen is usually better—far better—at what he does than Oliver Stone. For one very important thing, he's not smug or self-satisfied or condescending. But his method's not so different. He writes parables. When he's doing it right, they resonate with a particularity that's haloed by implication. And a lot of people listen and sing along.

When I played *Born to Run* (Columbia) not long after it came out for a California pal who didn't know from Bruce, his reaction startled me: "It sounds like *West Side Story* with a backbeat." Part of what he heard was the stylized street stories. Part was the big stagy voice soaring into exhilarated pain and strangulated hope. And maybe another part came from the nature of the music itself, Springsteen's personalized pastiche of r&b, rockabilly, rock, soul, folk, blues, country. It feels curiously static, reassuringly timeless, almost ahistorical—rock and roll translated to Broadway. The contrast with the sheer balls-to-the-wall dynamics of the performance is enormous. Why the gap? Springsteen is a culmination, a summary. He's the product of so much that preceded him that he has, ironically, almost nowhere left to run. It's not like he can really change the way he sounds. It's not like he'd want to if he could.

A couple of weeks ago, his record company picked me as one of the lucky bozos to get advance copies of his two new albums, *Lucky Town* and *Human Touch* (both Sony/Columbia). I didn't know what to expect. I didn't even know if I really cared enough anymore to write about them. I hadn't put on a Springsteen record in literally years. Oh yeah, I cared enough to want the tapes, but you could write that off to professional competitiveness. (What critic doesn't like being stroked by the hands he likes to bite?) But there was some kind of nagging loyalty in it too. I mean, I feel like I grew up with the guy. We come from the same blue-collar ethnic places. I saw him playing in boomy high school gyms and shithole clubs. And when I listened to him then I was ready—no, aching—to believe I could hop on a hog with some girl who had enough faith in herself and me so we could head once and for all out of Jungleland, even if it was only to crash and burn with a spectacular rage. And there were millions of me. I knew it. So did he. We gathered wherever he chewed up the stage with the sweat-soaked marathon shows that gradually made him a legend among us.

That's heading toward twenty years ago. Springsteen's career on disc grew more self-conscious, more sentimental and more uneven after the astringent, bleak *Darkness on the Edge of Town* (Columbia), which followed a bitter lawsuit with his manager. He sired a generation of more-or-less talented wannabes, like John Cougar Mellencamp and Steve Earle, who sang about Midwestern small towns and their clannish triumphs and troubles in rock and roll accents taken mostly from Dylan and from the Rolling Stones' *Exile on Main Street* (Rolling Stones Records). On *Nebraska* (Columbia), a collection of home demos, he tried to be a sort of latter-day Woody Guthrie, with mixed results. His lyrics got more direct and stripped-back; he mostly abandoned the heightened, slightly surreal sense of reality and overpacked lines that had hung the New Bob Dylan tag from him in the early days. First *The River*, a double album, then *Born in the U.S.A.* (both Columbia) felt bloated and diffuse and relentless, even monotonous: His sense of pain seemed to have devoured his sense of humor and watered down his urgency. His huge pipe-organ of a voice seemed to have all the stops pulled out all the time; no more veering at will from ragged-but-gentle intimacies to cathedral-sized caterwauls. But if *The River* was overlong it was still varied; it lit up regularly with incandescent moments like "Cadillac Ranch" and "The Ties That Bind." *Born in the U.S.A.*, by contrast, simply reflected his new stadium-rocker status. In its wake he took off on a prodigious world tour that apparently left him exhausted. He released a solid live greatest-hits-on-tour album and an inconsequential studio album called *Tunnel of Love* (Columbia), then retreated into silence.

A divorce, a remarriage and two children later, Springsteen seems to have caught up with himself—and us. His voice has regained its range of characterization. At least some of his sense of humor is back. And the music, driven by that big trademark backbeat that somehow sways, has a bracing familiarity finessed by flickers of the unexpected. He's nothing if not a roots-rock encyclopedia.

Human Touch and *Lucky Town* have a fair amount of filler. (Face it: In rock, a .500 batting average for an album is fabulous.) Each sounds familiar in slightly different ways. Even though Spring-

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steen fired the E Street Band, you couldn't tell by listening, except for maybe the missing sax. For most of *Lucky Town*, in fact, he plays all the instruments himself. Since he routinely taught the E Street boys their parts to his songs, it's not surprising how much like him they sounded. And as signposts throughout the stylistic shifts, each album has a couple of instantly recognizable Springsteen anthems.

The two discs are obviously a bid for attention in a sagging market he hasn't tested in years. But at the same time, they're set up like complementary signals from two sides of his musical personality. The separation is artificial; traits leak back and forth. After all, Springsteen's personal pastiche of rock's past is the history of garage bands writ large with immense and loving skill. (Even when his lyrics don't click or get bathetic, his songwriting craft is awesome.) That's one reason he connects with us. One way or another, we've all been there. Yeah, the music feels somewhat static as a result. But that also underlines the fact that rock and roll stopped being the innovative engine of American pop-musical development around the time Springsteen appeared on the scene. (It's no accident that anybody under the age of 18 usually keys into rap or hardcore faster than rock.)

So let's say *Human Touch* extends his urban bar-band self. Soulsters like Bobby King and Sam Moore match his vocals on a few tracks. The title cut boasts a knife-edge guitar solo worthy of Television. "I Wish I Were Blind" is a country-flavored lament whose grungy guitar rage could've come directly off Neil Young's *Ragged Glory* (Reprise). "Cross Your Heart" heats up its Creedence Clearwater-type swamp fever with dire guitar twanging in the sonic distance. (Springsteen isn't usually thought of as a guitar god, but he should be. He's no wanker, but he can pull off pretty much whatever he needs to on those six strings. And his use of a guitar as a stage prop is pure rock and roll.) The hilarious talking blues called "57 Channels" describes every cable junkie's lament ("There's 57 channels and nothin' on") with a funny rock-legend spin. "Man's Job" matches Roy Orbison and Sam and Dave seamlessly, as if the stylistic meeting was always waiting to happen. *Human Touch* is the tape I've been wearing out.

And let's say *Lucky Town* is his Heartland America side, the one rooted more in Woody Guthrie and the Rolling Stones that inspired the likes of Mellencamp. (The title track is so like a Mellencamp cut it's either a reverse tribute or a claim to take back the territory—or both at once.) The rest, filler and all, is basic Bruce. "Leap of Faith" opens his characteristic escape hatch ("Oh heartbreak and despair got nothing but boring/So I grabbed you baby like a wild pitch/It takes a leap of faith to get things going") to echoes of the Stones' "Tumbling Dice." From a different perspective, "The Big Muddy," an homage to the blues with all puns intended, scorches lyrics like these with backing bottleneck guitar: "How beautiful the river flows and the birds they sing/But you and I we're messier things/There ain't no one leaving this world buddy/Without their shirttail dirty/Or their hands bloody."

So the road from Jungleland doesn't lead to Eden. It only takes you out of town. As Springsteen told Mikal Gilmore in *Rolling Stone* five years ago, "Once you break those ties to whatever it is—your past—and you get a shot out of the community that you came up in, what are you going to do *then*? There *is* a certain frightening aspect to having things you dreamed were going to happen *happen*, because it's always more—and in some ways always less—than what you expected. I think when people dream of things, they dream of them without the complications. . . . And *that* doesn't exist."

It's telling, then, that both new albums end on a gentle note of affirmation. For all its flaws, this is trying to be a grown-up brand of rock and roll that can tackle notions of responsibility. Like a few others—Neil Young, David Byrne and Richard Thompson among them—Springsteen is struggling. He's trying to reparse a musical language that has been aimed from its birth at entertaining a theoretically timeless and unambiguous "youth culture" into a method for describing a blurry adult reality. Rock's makers and listeners—the music itself—have inevitably grown old and tired and compromised. Their dreams have gotten tarnished. But the yearnings remain.

On the morning after the 1989 Rolling Stones concert at Shea Stadium—a hell-uva blowout, much better than I dared hope—I waited to go on a TV show with author Stanley Booth. Booth, of course, wrote *The True Adventures of the Rolling Stones*, a graphic portrait of life on the road with The World's Greatest Rock and Roll Band near their peak. We talked about the show. Booth agreed politely with my slightly hungover enthusiasm, then added devastatingly, "It was a really good show, but I can remember when rock and roll was supposed to change your life."

So does Bruce Springsteen. His songs might not look like much more than personalized soundtracks for the rock generation, whiny memorabilia whose energies focus on nostalgia. And they can be. But his whole approach—his empathy with his audiences, the way he leaves it to them to connect the issues he raises in interviews with the vignettes he performs as their illustrations—could also make him a kind of American pop-culture disciple of Bertolt Brecht. His parables, like Brecht's, outline dilemmas whose suggestive power doesn't stop with the music. Catharsis doesn't have to end with dancing in the aisles; you can dance in the streets, too. But the way to get people there is to point them, not drag them. Sometimes raising the issues has to be enough.

For the past two decades, the left has insisted that the personal is the political, and vice versa. Springsteen's songs and performances demonstrate one way that axiom can work. □

FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

The Player
Shadows and Fog

The walls are all covered with movie posters; the air is thick with plot lines. In Robert Altman's *The Player*, the citizens of Hollywood can guess the end of every conversation, because all possible stories have long since been made into movies. There's nothing to do but shuffle the cards: *Ghost* meets *The Manchurian Candidate*; *Private Benjamin* goes *Out of Africa*.

Little wonder that Griffin Mill, the movie executive at the center of *The Player*, moves through life with such bland self-assurance. He's seen and heard it all, before the age of 30. Wrapped in the comfort of his Alexander Julian suits, his fully loaded Range Rover and the deep respect of Southern California's best maitre d's, Griffin need never suffer the indignity of doubt, whether inflicted by himself or others. On a restaurant's terrace, he can greet an eminence as great as Burt Reynolds in full confidence of receiving a handshake and a smile. Reynolds will breathe the word "asshole" only at a distance of three tables.

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What happens to a Griffin Mill when his life's plot line suddenly turns unpredictable? Thrown into competition with a newly hired rival; threatened by postcards from an anonymous, disgruntled screenwriter; bored (though not yet fully aware of it) with his lover-assistant (Cynthia Stevenson), Griffin reacts to uncertainty with bewilderment, cunning, rage—even with a few moments of moral gravity. He is a well-groomed, exquisitely tasteful sleaze, yes, but above all a *professional* sleaze. That's his saving grace—the quality that makes Griffin a fit protagonist for Robert Altman's biggest, most audacious film in years, and perhaps his most cynical.

If Voltaire had gone into the church and become a notable though slightly shady monsignor of the sort who writes devotional poems, perhaps his literary productions would have prefigured the work of Robert Altman. Seldom has an artist so gleefully stripped away mystification while standing so rapt before mystery. Think of *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, which is so utterly antiromantic in plot, dialogue, performances, visual style—in everything, that is, except its embrace of romantic love. Even at his most flamboyant and pranksterish, Altman has found time for an upward gaze toward the symbols of what he claims not to believe. Had he been content, in *Nashville*, with bitter mockery of our society and politics, he needn't have opened the final reel with a full-frame, CinemaScope American flag.

Now, having been exiled from Hollywood for a dozen years, Altman is back, apparently in no mood to salute the Griffin Mills who banished him. A connoisseur of chaos, Altman regards Griffin as the representative of everything prefabricated in American films, everything that's safe and shoddy and insulated from life. No doubt Altman's bitterest gesture in *The Player* is to let Griffin make a speech at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, baldly asserting that movies are art. By the end of *this* movie, we'll see what kind of art Griffin Mill produces. But the fact that Griffin has the nerve to make this speech—in front of executives who want to dump him, in front of a mystery man who wants to kill him, in front of a woman who's available for a date only because of a felony Griffin committed—gives the character an undeniable grandeur. Altman is big enough that he wants his enemies to seem big, too.

Working from a script by Michael Tolkin (based on his novel of the same name), Altman has directed *The Player* as if staging his own Viking funeral. For the occasion, he's surrounded himself with friends and colleagues from all phases of his career. They serve as set decoration, filling *The Player* with genuine Hollywood characters; at the same time they're witnesses, who stand by as Altman's craft roars out to sea in splendid conflagration. By the time you read this, you probably will have heard about the way he plunges into the film. The opening shot strings together eight fictional characters, five real people, half a dozen stories and two of *The Player*'s three plot lines, all in an uninterrupted, eight-minute take, enlivened now and then by a passing character's complaint that nobody uses long takes anymore. After that, the movie gets better. There's a sex scene as convincing as Andy Warhol's *Blow Job*, with nothing showing except the actors' faces. For the first time in cinema history, a death threat arrives over the fax machine in somebody's car. Sometimes the apparatus for a scene is up-to-the-minute—a man stalks a woman while talking to her, thanks to the convenience of cellular phones, while a mobile camera stalks the man in turn. At other times, Altman gets a scene spinning with the use

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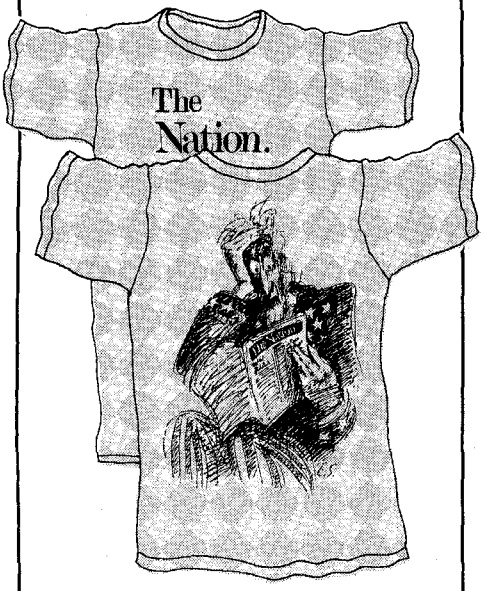

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of nothing more advanced than a tampon, twirling in Whoopi Goldberg's fingers.

Having mentioned Her Whoopiness, I ought to comment on one more facet of *The Player*: the way men and women in its feudal Hollywood seem to live in separate spheres.

As Griffin, Tim Robbins plays up the boyishness of the character, with both the charm and the sense of privilege that implies. Compared with the screenwriter he confronts early in the picture—the furious Vincent D'Onofrio—Robbins looks like a lanky, smooth-faced kid. He lacks the leather hide (and radioactive tan) of the studio boss (Brion James), or the B-movie toughness of the lot's head of security (Fred Ward); he's as ingenuous as a baby's bottom. But that's what makes Griffin dangerous. Robbins lets you see that Griffin genuinely believes he should have whatever he wants and is genuinely vicious when he doesn't get it. Boys are expected to act like that, within the closed world of the studio lot; and to make sure they get to spend their lives at play, they have women to serve as their toys and their mommies.

Women also serve another function in *The Player*: They represent a consciousness outside of movie-made reality. That, rather than the presence of cellular phones and Japanese investors, is probably the biggest difference between *The Player* and its nearest counterpart, Vincente Minnelli's 1952 *The Bad and the Beautiful*. Both films give their hearts to a noble rat of a producer (rather than to the easier choice of a writer, director or star). Both pretend to be chock-full of Hollywood gossip; both revel in the sham of moviemaking; both are outrageous fun. But *The Player*, unlike *The Bad and the Beautiful*, ultimately bursts out of its self-enclosed world, and with real fury. For one character—a man—there's a happy ending, just like in the movies. But to pay for it, another character—a woman—is left sobbing in a parking lot.

Compared with the robust delights of *The Player*, the pleasures of Woody Allen's *Shadows and Fog* may seem to be no more substantial than the title would suggest. Brief in running time and light in tone, the film feels like something that has drifted up from memory; it ought to be projected straight onto the back wall of your skull. That, I think, is what makes the film remarkable. Compounded of allusions and associations, hints and recollections, *Shadows and Fog* is a modest, intimate, droll evocation of the Holocaust.

Not that Allen names the subject. In the 1920s, European Jews didn't know what was to come. They had, at the most, a presentiment, which is all that Allen allows the audience. In fact, he won't even tell you the time and place. Kurt Weill on the soundtrack; a set with paving stones and gas lanterns; a tall, bald figure like Nosferatu, stalking across the black-and-white screen—those are the dots, which you have to connect in your head. Another dot: Woody Allen, playing a man whose last name begins with K, is told he has the crucial role in a plan that's never explained. Add one more dot: The authorities are drawing up lists. Not that K needs to worry. "It won't go deeper than the Orthodox elements," the police say.

Orthodox elements? K can't even understand the language his people pray in. "For all I know," he remarks, "they were requesting their own troubles." Speaking lines like these, with his facial tics running at twice normal speed and his arms helplessly flailing, Allen seems like a present-day stage Jew, collaged into a film by Lang or Murnau. The *Zelig* effect strikes again—but this time, the disproportion between Allen's persona and his surroundings is both comic and subtly, quietly macabre. The funny little man is only a step away from the horrors Alain Resnais evoked in *Night and Fog*—which in the end makes *Shadows and Fog* as substantial as the name suggests.

Short Takes: No, I won't review *Basic Instinct*. I won't even complain about it, though the picture really is antilesbian, antiwoman and generally antihuman. "Protest and survive" is a false slogan in cases like this. It's more like "Protest and publicize."

I'd rather think about James Ivory's adaptation of *Howards End*, which is so good I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. As usual with a Merchant-Ivory production, the film is art-directed to within an inch of its life. You'd think the picture would choke on all those gewgaws and draperies and decorative moldings. You'd also think all that *luxe* would put you in your place—like Leonard Bast, the poor young man of the story, you might feel yourself a gawking tourist amid Wealth and Culture. Surprise. *Howards End* gets a miraculously high percentage of E.M. Forster's novel on the screen and (as with any miracle) makes the trick seem natural. Much of the credit goes to Ruth Prawer

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Jhabvala's ingeniously elliptical screenplay and to Ivory's dead-on casting. Anthony Hopkins, having scored a technician's triumph in *The Silence of the Lambs*, now turns in a beautifully inward, naturalistic performance as Mr. Wilcox, or Wealth. As Margaret Schlegel, or Culture, Emma Thompson seems to be making up her character with every breath. She's so smooth, you can't get your grips into what she's doing; you just accept her and marvel. Best of all, though, is Vanessa Redgrave as the first Mrs. Wilcox. Palsied, gasping, feverish but strangely acute, she throws herself into every gesture; and still Redgrave has enough left over to give a second, phantom performance. You can't help but think of how, twenty years ago, she would have made the perfect Margaret Schlegel.

I don't know how much money Forster made on *Howards End*, but the papers say Joe Ezsterhas got $3 million for writing *Basic Instinct*. Three million dollars, to write the line, "She's brilliant! She's evil!"

Ron Shelton, the writer-director of *Bull Durham*, once again looks at the mores of minor-league sports in *White Men Can't Jump*. Here the game is basketball, as played (and hustled) behind chain-link fences on the public courts of Los Angeles. Wesley Snipes, a star down to his toenails, plays Sidney, a local hoops hero. Woody Harrelson plays Billy, the white guy who dares to step onto the court; Rosie Perez, memorable as the motor-mouthed young woman in *Do the Right Thing*, plays Billy's girlfriend Gloria, who dreams of competing on *Jeopardy!* Since basketball by nature lends itself to the camera, and since the signifying and dozens-playing that go with the game make for uproarious dialogue, *White Men Can't Jump* gets off to a fast, funny start, and mostly sustains the pace. As in so many basketball games, though, there are stretches of garbage time. I can't claim *White Men* rises to the level of *Bull Durham*—it's a little too facile in the way it plays out black-white antagonism, a little too pat in the way it treats Gloria's troubles with Billy. Still, there's more than enough entertainment here to prove that multiculturalism can be fun. Hear how good the Twentieth Century Fox fanfare sounds, played in a salsa arrangement.

Nobody plays basketball in *Basic Instinct*, but there *is* a four-minute sex scene that looks like a competitive event. I expected judges to pop up from behind the bed, holding up cards with the score.

Nation readers who have been longing for a truly interesting movie about a conspiracy to kill John Kennedy might take a look at *Ruby*. Directed by John MacKenzie (*The Long Good Friday*) from a script by Stephen Davis, *Ruby* stars Danny Aiello as the mobster-snitch-nightclub owner and Sherilyn Fenn as a fictional stripper whom he chastely loves. In tone, if not visual style, this is the Kennedy conspiracy film Fritz Lang might have made—often nasty, sometimes romantic in a corrupt and despairing way, frequently witty. Among its other virtues: The character of Jack Ruby and his point of view on the assassination are more intriguing than those of, say, a New Orleans district attorney; the President in this film behaves much as we know John Kennedy did, rather than as one might hope based on deconstructive readings of memorandums; and the conspiracy, though not exactly coherent, requires the cooperation of fewer than 10,000 people.

Basic Instinct is not about a conspiracy—just about a woman who is omnipotent, omniscient, irresistibly sexy and terrifyingly dangerous. I thought she represented a 9-month-old boy's view of his mommy; but my girlfriend, who has been busy reading Jessica Benjamin's *The Bonds of Love*, tells me this interpretation is off by many months. According to her, the crisis in a boy's separation from the mother happens around the period of toilet training. In *Basic Instinct*, Michael Douglas plays a man who gave up cigarettes and booze but then relapsed. In other words, *he refuses to clean up his act*. Coincidence?

Screening Schedule: The third annual Human Rights Watch Film Festival will run in New York May 8-17, with a national tour to follow. You can look forward to a retrospective of Marcel

THE PRAYER PLANT

dead, the boxes, bric-a-brac,
and her old bathrobe on the bed:
she has escaped at last its filthy
comfort, set us both unexpectedly
free.
All this spring and summer
driving Route 301 through rural
Maryland, slowly I begin to see

(as motion picture frames fool
the eye) in March, May, June,
July, out of snowy stubble and mud
the corn rising, *fructus ventris*,
its nimbus of gold seed grown
into amber haze over the fields,
and Jesus, her body gone to pieces
almost in my arms, the broken

bones—rib, shoulder, wrist,
four times one hip or the other,
and vertebrae—black eyes, dried
blood to sponge out of her hair.
I love you, I whispered, meaning
you teach me (unwittingly) *caritas*
by meeting every gesture of it
with surprise and gratitude.

Like the white wafer of midday moon,
some things only seem to appear
out of nowhere,
things so grave
and full of grace one could be
comforted, moved, torn open
even, to live on with such
invisibles in the blue sky.

Margaret Holley

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Ophuls, a selection of Peace Prize winners from the Berlin Film Festival and a documentary by Jonathan Demme about his cousin the evangelist.

New York's Anthology Film Archives is devoting April to screenings of Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Brakhage, Frampton, contemporary avant-gardists—all the usual suspects. Anthology is also in financial difficulties, so those of us who would like to take this wonderful resource for granted should buy a few more tickets. Another way to give support: Enter Anthology's benefit raffle. The drawing takes place April 15, and everyone who participates is guaranteed to win something. Inquire at (212) 505-5181.

In Astoria, Queens, the American Museum of the Moving Image is presenting the series "Borders and Barrios: The Chicano in Hollywood Film, 1908–1987," running through April 19. Edward James Olmos, director and star of the very creditable *American Me*, gave his blessing to the series on its opening weekend.

Ignore the title, which looks as if it came out of some post-structuralist Cuisinart, and see "Re-Mapping Culture(s)," the big new exhibition at the Whitney Museum. Nineteen artists will present selections of their own work and of the films and videos that have influenced them. Among the participants: Charles Burnett, Trinh T. Minh-ha, Warren Sonbert, Tony Buba and Christine Choy. Screenings take place from April 15 to May 10; for information phone (212) 570-0537.

"Life Could Be Better: The Films of Mike Leigh" plays at the Museum of Modern Art through April 24. For everyone who fell in love with *High Hopes* and *Life Is Sweet*, here's a chance to see them again, in the context of Leigh's early work and short films. Mr. Brecht, please shake hands with Mr. Dickens. □

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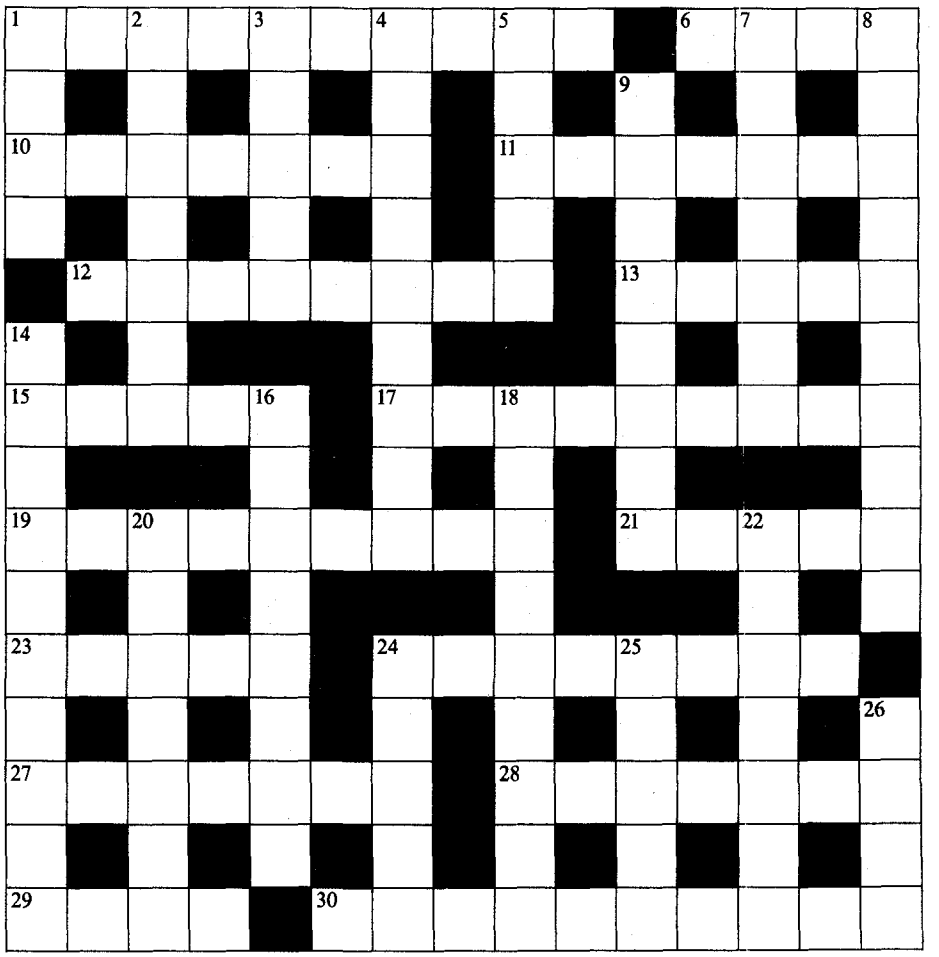
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2379

W	A	S	H	I	N	G	T	O	N	■	I	T	C	H
I	■	Y	■	T	■	E	■	R	■	F	■	H	■	I
N	U	M	B	E	R	S	■	A	L	I	M	E	N	T
D	■	P	■	M	■	T	■	C	■	R	■	R	■	B
W	I	T	S	■	P	A	U	L	R	E	V	E	R	E
A	■	O	■	C	■	L	■	E	■	W	■	I	■	L
R	A	M	P	A	R	T	■	S	W	O	R	N	T	O
D	■	■	■	R	■	■	■	■	■	R	■	■	■	W
I	S	S	U	I	N	G	■	P	O	K	E	O	U	T
S	■	I	■	B	■	A	■	A	■	S	■	U	■	H
L	E	G	I	B	I	L	I	T	Y	■	S	T	Y	E
A	■	H	■	E	■	I	■	R	■	O	■	C	■	B
N	E	T	B	A	L	L	■	I	M	P	L	O	R	E
D	■	E	■	N	■	E	■	O	■	E	■	M	■	L
S	U	D	S	■	C	O	N	T	I	N	G	E	N	T

Crossword Puzzle No. 2380

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Split atoms get quiet at this place, forming a gaseous envelope. (10)
6 One that is sinking may consist of 29. (4)
10 Religious acclamation proves Noah's an odd sort. (7)
11 Spoke out in somewhat vulgar fashion, as the water level was raised. (5,2)
12 Sick and surrounded by what causes pain? That's what makes character, classically. (8)
13 The city in America I rose from? (Or a bigger one overseas?) (5)
15 People such as Walesa might be flagged at times. (5)
17 Is A.A. curing a bad outbreak in the country? (9)
19 The buyer to hunt in the now questionable way, to sound catty about it. (9)
21 You might find such a group in Panama, or in New Zealand. (5)
23 Kick in? Just the opposite! (5)
24 From an unhappy angle, it might be found along the Atlantic Coast. (8)
27 There should be one of these in the town, in the song, where true love sits. (7)
28 Any self-considered runner should be in this. (7)
29 and 30 In short, this sounds like a distant relative of 24 across. (Midwife's recompense?) (4,2,9)

DOWN

1 Like the man was really a tennis player! (4)
2 Hall-of-Famer Stan, who would be about a hundred, is talented as a player. (7)
3 Where the law was reputedly given to make evil commonly first class. (5)
4 The part of the paper a phrenologist might look at first? (9)
5 A troubled boxer is on them, which is known by the knowing. (5)
7 Canceling out a potential downfall? (7)
8 and 26 A tactful cooperator proves how the State Department corps should behave. (14)
9 The persistent image of the suspect, rumored to be there. (8)
14 Having a fit because of the very light music, when such as Guiness is around, and twitching! (10)
16 Gentlemen are sometimes alluded to as being them, as well. (8)
18 Ford possibly (second-rate) given to such as Sam, perhaps, is a real gem! (9)
20 What one does on the road again, with Dad cut up about it. (7)
22 See, it's not quite the obverse! (7)
24 Occurring twice on one animal? (5)
25 What might be the outgrowth of a good time with the soldier? (5)
26 See 8

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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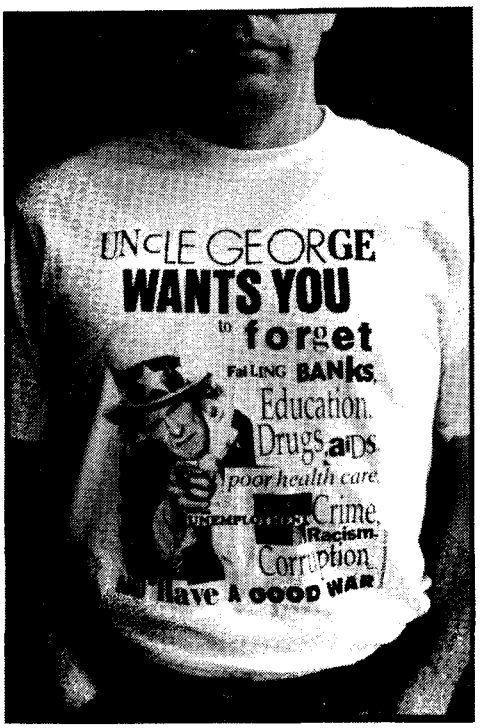
FREE T-SHIRT



JOSEPH BLOUGH

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